

See inside pages for the second of a Series of Nine Stories written by Gilbert Parker, the famous English novelist, expressly for this paper.

# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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## THE WAR IN THE EAST.

ADMIRAL ITO, COMMANDER OF THE VICTORIOUS JAPANESE FLEET, IN THE ENGAGEMENT OFF THE MOUTH OF THE YALU RIVER

DRAWN FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 237.]

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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
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## Special Announcement.

In this issue the second of a series of nine stories, under the general title of "Pierre and His People," written expressly for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* by Mr. Gilbert Parker, the popular English story-writer. Mr. Parker is admittedly the foremost of the younger generation of English novelists, and as a writer of short stories he has few, if any, superiors. He is not only a master of the details of his art, but he does his work with a conscientiousness and fidelity to high ideals which adds notably to its interest and value. Mr. Parker spent a part of the last year in this country, studying our life and making himself familiar with our history and resources, and some of his recent contributions to English magazines, in which he summarizes the results of his observations, have attracted wide attention, being, as to some of the matters considered, singularly accurate as well as complimentary.

The titles of the stories yet to be published, which we have secured from Mr. Parker, and which he regards as the best he has ever written, are as follows:

- "Malachi."
- "The Gift of the Simple King."
- "The Red Patrol."
- "A Romany of the Snows."
- "The Baron of Beaupré."
- "Little Babiche."
- "At Point o' Bugles."

These stories will be followed by a novel entitled "The Stark Munro Letters," from the pen of A. Conan Doyle, being the only novel which that distinguished author will publish during the coming year.

It is the purpose of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* to furnish its readers with the best fiction attainable, without regard to the expenditure involved in doing so, and the bill of fare here announced is only a sample of the good things which are to come.

## Mr. Hill's Candidacy.



THE acceptance by Senator Hill of the Democratic nomination for Governor is an act of characteristic audacity and courage. In the present situation of the Democracy in this State, and with the tide of popular feeling running strongly in favor of the Republicans, the party leadership imposes responsibilities and risks which only a man of the highest daring would care to assume. Senator Hill commends himself afresh to the admiration of his followers by consenting to lead the party in a desperate crisis, from which all other candidates shrink affrighted.

Senator Hill has undoubtedly strengthened himself in the public confidence by his course in the Senate. He has displayed a lively solicitude for the interests of his constituents, and exhibited a fearlessness and independence in opposing certain obnoxious features of the Tariff bill which have attracted wide and deserved commendation. But he has never atoned—he cannot ever atone—for the crimes which he perpetrated or justified while Governor of the State against the rights of the people and in furtherance of corrupt partisan rule. The people will never forget that he organized and directed the theft of the Legislature in 1891-92; that, contemptuous of all morality and decency, he attempted, last year, to exalt Maynard, his principal instrument in the perpetration of that crime, to the highest court in the State; that under his administration there grew up a system of political brigandage which respected neither the liberties nor the interests of the people; that, in a word, the State became the prey of every form of maladministration and partisan mendacity. The evils of Tammany misgovernment, the wholesale ravaging of the ballot-box in New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Troy, and other cities; the spoliation of communities and corporations by legislative highwaymen at Albany—all these were accentuated and enormously augmented under Governor Hill's régime; and though he were to wash seventy times seven in some Jordan of cleansing he could not purge himself of the leprous taint of his offenses against good government and civic purity. He will find that, standing as he does for everything that is detestable in our politics, the people, uninfluenced by the glamour of his spectacular performance in accepting the gubernatorial nomination, will confirm in this election the verdict rendered last year against his candidates and his policies.

But it must not be assumed that the Republican candidate can be elected without an effort; that the mere drift of the tide will carry him to success. The Republican managers must recognize that in Senator Hill they have an antagonist who never slumbers nor tires, who has under his control a perfectly-disciplined organization, and who is a master of all the arts and methods of effective campaigning. A sturdy, resolute, courageous fighter, he will make an aggressive canvass all along the line. Mr. Morton is no match for him in this particular. The Republican State Committee must make up the deficiency, if they can, by a vigorous and coherent canvass reaching to every voting precinct in the State. No mere splutter or

pretense will answer in a contest like this; there must be honest, thorough, intelligent work. And this work must be done in the interest of the party as such, and not in furtherance, either directly or indirectly, of private ambitions. There have been contests in which victory has been lost because personal rather than public ends were the supreme consideration with the managers. This sort of thing must not be repeated. Let us have a manly, concentrated, straightforward canvass, conducted with reference to principle, and appealing to the conscience of the State, and Mr. Hill will not only be defeated but defeated by a majority that will be conclusive as to the attitude of New York concerning his public career.

## The Utilization of Garbage.



HAT to do with garbage and other household refuse is a serious problem of urban life. There is not a great city in the world where this problem has been satisfactorily solved. In some cities, notably New York and Brooklyn, garbage is at once a nuisance and a menace to public health. In some other cities, better governed than those about the mouth of the Hudson River, the garbage is destroyed by burning. But this is a most extravagant method of disposing of this vegetable matter, as its cremation costs money, and the fertilizing virtues of the refuse are entirely wasted. Various cumbersome and maladroit methods have been tried in both of these cities, but nothing valuable has been achieved. In New York they have mixed the vegetable stuff with ashes and street-sweepings, and have attempted to fill in low and submerged lands. This was a most costly and unsatisfactory method, as the new land was a grievous and continuous nuisance to all who lived within two or three miles of the dumping-grounds. In Brooklyn, with thrifty simplicity, they have made a great garbage dump, which is picked over by Italians for valuable bones astray; a second picking is then permitted, and hog food is secured for a near-by herd of swine. The people living in the neighborhood suffer seriously in warm weather from the odors and bad air.

In New York there is a half-formed idea that the city ought to do better than it has hitherto done, and therefore a commission has been sitting for some time to inquire into the merits of new and old methods. The method most discussed is very old, though it is more elaborate and more costly than any previously used. The plan has been presented by Chief Engineer Melville, of the United States Navy. He proposes that the city keep a fleet of ships; that these be loaded with garbage and street-sweepings and taken one day's sail to sea, there to be dumped. One day's sail means a hundred miles, which is far short of the Gulf Stream, and therefore the city refuse would all wash ashore and continue to deface the beaches, as it has done time out of mind. Besides, the virtues in the stuff are as completely wasted as they would be were it cremated. Another plan has been suggested by General Roy Stone, of the United States Department of Agriculture. General Stone proposes that householders be compelled to separate ashes and garbage, putting the latter in covered receptacles, of which each householder shall have two. Every day the full receptacle is to be taken away by the street-cleaners and an empty one left in its place. The garbage is to be taken to a city wharf and emptied in layers into scows, each layer of garbage to have a sprinkling of lime and then a layer of street-sweepings and stable manure, and so on till the scows are filled. Then these scows are to be taken to suitable points, where farmers can load their wagons, or where this valuable compost can be taken off into the country in railway-cars and spread upon the fields and gardens. To arrange to do this would cost no more than to arrange to carry the garbage to sea or to burn it. But there would be a great difference in another regard. This fertilizer could be sold for a price that would much more than pay for gathering it into the scows and taking it to the point of shipment. Then, again, the people of the city would get a great return in the increased amount of vegetable food that the near-by land would produce. It is fair to say that the garbage now wasted in New York and Brooklyn could easily be made to produce one million pounds of vegetable food per day.

This is not a matter that concerns New York and Brooklyn alone; it is of concern to all urban people and to country people, too. Those who waste are likely to want, and it would be well for us to think seriously over General Stone's scheme to abate several serious nuisances while increasing the food supply by the utilization of what has always been worse than thrown away.

## The Constitutional Amendments.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires whether the amendments to the State constitution, having been adopted by the convention created by act of the people through the

Legislature, need to be submitted directly to the people for their approval, and if so, whether it is necessary that they should be sanctioned by one or more subsequent Legislatures. Replying, we beg to say that the constitutional provisions governing this matter are of a two-fold character. The constitution of 1846 provides as follows:

"Article XIII, Section 1.—Any amendment or amendments to this constitution may be proposed in the Senate and Assembly; and if the same shall be agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each of the two houses, such proposed amendment or amendments shall be entered on their journals with the yeas and nays taken thereon, and referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of Senators, and shall be published for three months previous to the time of making such choice, and if in the Legislature so next chosen, as aforesaid, such proposed amendment or amendments shall be agreed to by a majority of all the members elected to each house, then it shall be the duty of the Legislature to submit such proposed amendment or amendments to the people, in such manner and at such time as the Legislature shall prescribe; and if the people shall approve and ratify such amendment or amendments, by a majority of the electors qualified to vote for members of the Legislature, voting thereon such amendment or amendments shall become part of the constitution."

"Section 2.—At the general election to be held in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six, and in each twentieth year thereafter, and also at such time as the Legislature may by law provide, the question, 'Shall there be a convention to revise the constitution, and amend the same?' shall be decided by the electors qualified to vote for members of the Legislature; and in case a majority of the electors so qualified, voting at such election, shall decide in favor of a convention for such purpose, the Legislature at its next session shall provide by law for the election of delegates to such convention."

Here it is apparent that it was the intention of the framers of the constitution to provide for two methods of amending the same: First, where amendments should originate in the Legislature, in which case amendments pure and simple only could be made. In this case the amendments must be approved by a subsequent Legislature and then submitted to the people, when, if ratified, they become part of the constitution. The other method provides for a general revision and amendment of the constitution, to be made by convention composed of delegates elected after the people shall have signified their desire for such a revision. In the latter case, which is that now before us, no ratification of the amendments by the Legislature is necessary. But they must be ratified by the people. This is plain from Section 1 of Article XVI, which provides that "All amendments to the constitution shall be in force from and including the first day of January succeeding the election at which the same were adopted, except when otherwise provided by such amendments."

The amendments adopted by the late convention will be submitted to the people at the coming election, and in order that every voter may be enabled to exercise a choice in voting on some of the more important of them, there will be yea and nay ballots on each one of three subjects or parts, as follows: (1) That making an apportionment of Senators and members of the Assembly; (2) That pertaining to the improvement of the canals; (3) All the remainder of the proposed amendments as a whole. Amendments receiving a majority of all the votes cast will become, by virtue of that fact, and without further action of any sort, of full force as part of the constitution from and after the first of January next.

## The A. P. A.



THE Republican State Convention acted wisely in ignoring the effort which was made to commit it to a declaration concerning the A. P. A. As a party we have nothing at all to do with sectarianism or the opinions of sectarianists. As we understand it, the spirit of the A. P. A. is essentially American. But in the sense that it antagonizes the views and policy of a religious sect, it raises a religious issue, which has no place in politics. Its individual members have a right to their opinions, and as American citizens it is their right, too, to seek by individual action to incarnate their opinions in positive statutes. But no political party can permit the intrusion of a purely sectarian dogma into its accepted creed. Political parties exist for the furtherance of political ends. It is their function to formulate and carry out policies affecting the state and its civic life. Questions of religion, of religious belief, belong to the church and the individual conscience. Our nation has been built upon this idea. Both American sentiment and the spirit of our Constitution forbid that that idea should ever be abandoned.

It is undoubtedly true that the A. P. A. movement finds its motive and justification in sectarian encroachments upon distinctively American ideas. The hostility manifested in certain quarters to our system of public schools, the persistent demands for appropriations of public money for the support of sectarian institutions, and the arrogant interference of sectarian authorities in matters of purely secular concern, even to the extent of proscribing those who object to their intolerance, have provoked indignation and alarm, and these emotions find expression in policies of defense and retaliation. We cannot afford to despise this patriotic spirit and tendency. They constitute the bulwark of our safety alike against sectarian malice and that colorless conservatism which is never able to see or to resist the dangers which it invites. But the remedy for the evils deprecated by the A. P. A. and



all like organizations must be sought and found as distinct and independent propositions and along natural lines, educational and otherwise. Their cure will be retarded and embarrassed by any other course. No party can be sustained on a sectarian basis. And no party that appeals, as the Democratic party does, to sectarian hatreds, can escape the condemnation of right-minded citizens. The Republicans of New York, whatever may be their opinion as individuals concerning the ideas and aims of the American Protective Association, will applaud the refusal of the State convention, as speaking for the party, to recognize in any way the issue it presents.

### A New Era in Our Sculpture.



IN the erection of the Congressional Library building in Washington as a depository for the vast national collections of books, manuscripts, maps and pamphlets now housed in the capital city, wise provision has been made for the internal and external decoration of the structure by the best examples of emblematic and portrait sculpture which our artists in this branch are able to execute. This is significant in governmental architecture; it is likewise commendable, promising as it does a much-needed and closer alliance than has heretofore existed between the simple design and engineering in construction and the preservation in the plastic of the world's master men, and by emblematic figures modeled to symbolize the works of the great chieftains who have led recognized branches of human knowledge. The great dome of this magnificent structure will present in bronze statues and stucco figures almost a complete epitome of the progress of the ages from Moses down.

The library building itself, while in proportions but a little inferior to the nation's Capitol, will in many artistic and imposing effects be a far greater attraction among the country's edifices at Washington, making up not a patchwork of styles and incongruous methods of treatment applied at different epochs, but presenting a homogeneous building having a definite unit and purpose, and hanging together in all of its parts. This is true within and without.

Nine colossal busts have been modeled by three of our leading portrait-sculptors—these works, now being cut in Westerly granite, to be placed on the main façade, over and flanking the pediments of the grand entrance. To J. Scott Hartley was given the three eminent American men of letters, all of whom passed away within the memory of men of middle life. Abundant material and personal suggestions of living friends were available to the sculptor, and therefore he has achieved results of signal strength and vivid portraiture. These busts were of Emerson in his patriarchal years, and of Hawthorne and Irving when at the zenith of their popularity, still industriously turning out their American classics. To Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl was awarded the commissions for Goethe, Franklin, and Macaulay; while to Mr. Herbert Adams, of Brooklyn, was assigned Walter Scott, Demosthenes, and Dante. These busts have been modeled, of course, from bygone art and history.

It will strike almost all thinkers that the names to be enshrined on the façade of the national library are odd, to say the least, and the inquiry will come from a thousand directions at once: Where is Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of American Independence; Alexander Hamilton, who "touched the corpse of the public credit and it sprang to its feet"; Daniel Webster, the mighty master of English diction and eloquence; Cooper, Poe, Longfellow, and Bancroft; Morse, Whitney, and Elias Howe; John Paul Jones, Decatur, and Farragut?

But what of the statues on the interior, standing at different heights at the angles of the octagonal dome, supported by pillars forty feet high? These are to be typical statues in stucco, ten feet high. The commissions have been awarded as follows upon the recommendation of the National Sculpture Society of New York: Philosophy, B. L. Pratt, Boston; History, Daniel C. French; Poetry, J. Q. A. Ward; Art, Augustus St. Gaudens; Science, John Donohue; Law, Paul W. Bartlett; Commerce, John Flanagan; Religion, (no award).

The sixteen bronze statues (each six feet, six inches high) to be placed around the rotunda on suitable pedestals at regular intervals, have been thus awarded:—Philosophy: Bacon and Plato, John T. Boyle, Philadelphia. History: Herodotus, Daniel C. French; Gibbon, C. H. Niehaus. Poetry: Homer, Louis St. Gaudens; Shakespeare, Louis Macmonnies. Art: Michael Angelo (no award); Beethoven, Theodor Bauer. Science: Sir Isaac Newton, C. E. Dallin, Boston; Professor Joseph Henry, Herbert Adams, Brooklyn. Religion: Moses, C. H. Niehaus; St. Paul, John Donohue. Law: Scion, F. W. Ruckstuhl; Chancellor Kent, George E. Bissell. Commerce: Columbus, Paul Bartlett; Fulton, H. H. Kitson, Boston.

Besides those enumerated there are to be three bronze doors executed in high relief in a series of historical panels. Two of these doors (six panels) will be modeled by Olin L. Warner, and one set by Macmonnies. The great

bronze clock will be the work of John Flanagan, a pupil of St. Gaudens.

In a collection of statuary embracing thirty-five distinct works by some of the most eminent of American sculptors, to embellish the greatest national institution yet provided for in the Western world, there will be noted many startling omissions, which simply indicates that very narrow or thoughtless minds have been assigned to the task of selection. Where, in this goodly company, keeping ourselves to high intellectual achievement, are such names, taken at random, as Molière, Montaigne, Aristotle, Socrates, Seneca, Caesar, Cicero, Kublai-Khan, Confucius, Marco Polo, Galileo, Kepler, Faraday, Le Voisier, Sir John Herschel, Shelley, Henry the Navigator, Hendrik Hudson, Thorwaldsen, Leonardo da Vinci, or John of Barneveldt?

But let us be not too fine-spun in this matter and remain thankful for what the functionaries at Washington have given us, for be it said these works on and within the Congressional Library will start American sculpture upon a new plane, and mark a new era in plastic art in the western hemisphere.

### An Efficient Militia.



THE recent railroad strikes, extending from the lakes to the Pacific coast, have brought out the utter inadequacy, lack of organization and discipline of the National Guard in the States principally affected by those disturbances. When we consider that the California guardsmen not only delivered their arms to the strikers, but presented to the women their cartridges as souvenirs of their mutiny, it is obvious that some action should be taken to provide law-abiding citizens with proper protection to their lives and property. A striking contrast with these acts of insubordination was afforded by the recent seven days' encampment by division of the National Guard of Pennsylvania on the famous Gettysburg battle-field. There were present for duty, officers and men, eight thousand six hundred and ninety-three, with only sixty-three absentees out of the total Guard. This does not include two battalions of the naval brigade, which were off on sea duty aboard the cruiser *New York*.

But it must not be forgotten that Pennsylvania has also passed through a baptism of fire; not, it is true, by mutiny or insubordination of any kind, but owing to an utter absence of intelligent and cohesive organization. Pittsburg in 1877 was a determining crisis to its National Guard, with its major-generals, brigadiers, colonels, and majors by the score. Governor Hartranft, than whom there never lived a better soldier, saw the necessity for a National Guard that could fight—not one having an existence on paper only, or capable of looking pretty at parades and hops. A compact organization of one division with three brigades was formed; this was the splendid body of troops which turned out with such wonderful promptness at Homestead, and squelched by one vigorous demonstration a labor revolt which threatened to outdo Pittsburg in lawlessness and rapine. When the troops arrived there, coming at a time and from a direction totally unexpected by the rioters, the strikers sought to fraternize with the men, meeting them with brass bands and sweet words, but General Snowden peremptorily ordered them to mind their own business and go home. Crestfallen, they obeyed, and the Homestead era of lawlessness ended right there.

It is to be hoped that California, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio will take a lesson from the Debs rebellion and reorganize their State Guards upon a military basis.

## WHAT'S GOING ON

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's indorsement of Senator Hill's nomination for the Governorship of New York has the sparkle and warmth of an icicle. It is evident that the temperature about Buzzard's Bay is down to the freezing point.

SENATOR EDWARD MURPHY announces that "we are going to have a fierce campaign." The people of Troy and Lansingburg will understand precisely what this means, and should make their preparations accordingly. The ferocity of Mr. Murphy's partisan bullies manifested itself, not long ago, in the murder of an inoffensive citizen and systematically brutal attempts to prevent an honest election. Apparently another "fierce campaign" of that sort is contemplated. We shall expect to see it met with the same high civic spirit which was displayed in bringing to justice the active perpetrators of the atrocities in the last spring elections.

THE campaign tour of General Hastings, the Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, is a triumphal progress. Everywhere he is received with demonstrations of enthusiasm which, according to the *Philadelphia Press*, have not been equaled since the Garfield

campaign. Democrats as well as Republicans unite in doing him honor. The workingmen in the industrial centres are especially hearty in their manifestations of satisfaction with his candidacy. There is no doubt at all, now that Colonel Singlerly, the Democratic nominee, has thrown up the sponge, that General Hastings will receive the votes of thousands of Democrats who are disgusted with the action of their party in Congress, and that his majority will be phenomenal in its proportions. The honor will not be misplaced. Pennsylvania has no worthier citizen, and the Republican party no more cleanly, upright, and deserving leader than General Hastings.

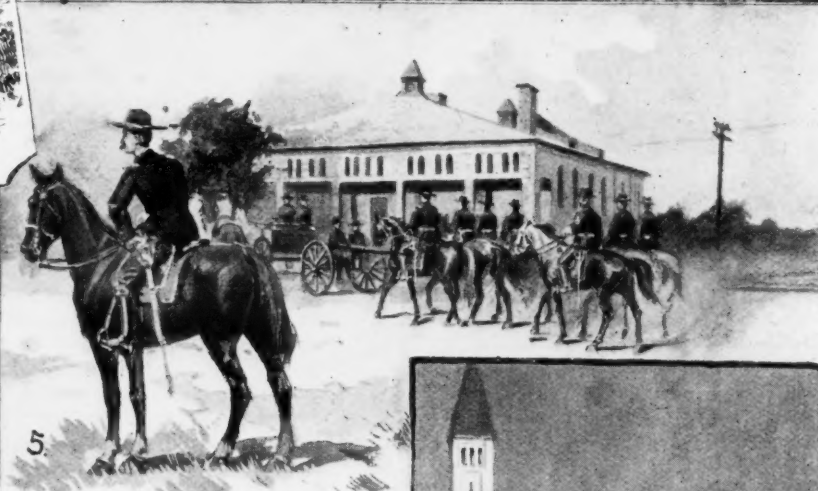
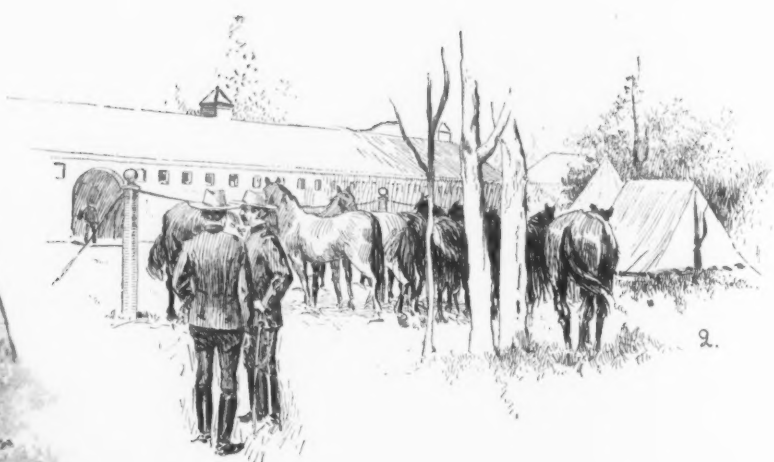
THE ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic are every year growing thinner. According to the annual reports, submitted at the late encampment, the loss by death during the twelve months ending on June 30th last was 7,283, a little greater than during the year preceding, and the percentage will naturally increase with each advancing year. In a decade or so not one veteran will be left in many communities which sent forth their dozens and hundreds to do battle for the Union, and which, ever since, have delighted to honor their heroes. But the services of the brave "defenders of the faith" will not be forgotten though their names may no longer shine among those of living men. Nor will the nation permit those who still survive to be unjustly or unkindly dealt with. Every just claim to the public gratitude, whether in the form of pension or otherwise, will be recognized, and if rancorous partisanship should seek to defeat the public wish in this regard, it will be punished with unsparing hand.

THE formation of a league by the employers in the building trades of this city for the purpose of resisting capricious strikes is a movement in the right direction. The league does not propose to engage in a war upon the workingmen; it recognizes that the interests of the employer and employed are mutual; its members are willing to pay union wages, but they are determined not to submit any longer to the tyranny of walking delegates, who can at any time, by a word or a nod, paralyze all their enterprises and inflict vast injury and loss upon the public. The constitution of the league provides for a board of master stewards, to be composed of conservative journeymen, who shall be a recognized medium of communication between it and the employés, and it will be the effort of the managers to avoid, by arbitration and discussion, all necessity for strikes, lock-outs, and disputes. Such a movement ought to command the sympathy of every sensible workingman, since its direct tendency will be to free them from the despotism which often drives them into sympathetic strikes against their own judgment and to their positive injury.

THERE comes a time in the moral history of every community when vice, becoming insolent and aggressive, provokes resolute and organized antagonism, and is driven to the wall. New York has been, for months, furnishing an object-lesson of this truth, and now Chicago, long held in the clutch of the lawless and depraved, is the scene of a battle royal between the good and evil forces. The crusade against the gambling fraternity now in progress is one of the most magnificent demonstrations of civic virtue which has been witnessed anywhere. The gamblers, who considered themselves absolutely secure against attack, having the municipal administration, the police, and the local courts at their back, have discovered that there is a greater power than these official allies, and before an aroused and consolidated public opinion have been literally swept from the field. So intense and overwhelming have been the manifestations of popular feeling that even the city officials have been frightened into submission, and hereafter the laws will be really enforced either by their sympathy and efforts or by the use of the State courts and the machinery they provide.

THE government has profited from its experiences in dealing with the recent strike in Chicago and other Western communities, and evidently means to be fully prepared for any similar exigencies which may arise in the future. In the concentration of the regular army near the great railway centres, it gives notice to all evil-disposed persons that anarchical disturbances and assaults of every sort upon the public order will be repressed at whatever hazard. Under the new arrangement more than six thousand regulars will be under orders from the headquarters on Governor's Island, New York harbor, when General Miles succeeds General Howard in November. The centre of strength will be at this point (with one thousand two hundred and fifty men available for any emergency), but the force along the Canadian border will be considerably augmented, and the secondary centres of Washington, Cincinnati, and Atlanta will be within easy reach in case of any external menace or domestic disturbance. It is to be hoped that no occasion may occur in which the civil authorities will be unequal to the task of maintaining the authority of the laws, but it is gratifying to know that if the interposition of the military arm shall be at any time necessary, its power can be asserted promptly and effectively.





1. BARRACKS AND WATER-TOWER. 2. STABLES. 3. RIFLE CONTEST. 4. OFFICERS' QUARTERS. 5. GUARD-HOUSE. 6. CAVALRY DRILL-HALL. 7. PARADE-GROUNDS (OFFICERS' MESS IN DISTANCE). 8. CANTEEN INTERIOR. 9. A PICTURESQUE RAVINE.

OUR MILITARY POSTS—FORT SHERIDAN, NEAR CHICAGO, ONE OF THE FINEST AND BEST-APPOINTED NON-FORTIFIED POSTS IN THE COUNTRY.

FROM SKETCHES BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 233.]

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"She placed two chairs not far from the open door, and they sat."

## TALES OF PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.

By GILBERT PARKER.

### II.—THE HOUSE WITH THE BROKEN SHUTTER.

He stands in the porch of the world—  
(Why should the door be shut?)  
The gray wolf waits at his heel.  
(Why is the window barred?)  
Wild is the trail from the Kimash hills,  
The blight has fallen on bush and tree.  
The choking earth has swallowed the streams,  
Hungry and cold is the Red Patrol—  
(Why should the door be shut?)  
The Scarlet Hunter has come to bide—  
(Why is the window barred?)



PIERRE stopped to listen. The voice singing was clear and soft, yet strong—a mezzo-soprano without any culture save that of practice and native taste. It had a singular charm—a sweet, fantastic sincerity. He stood still and fastened his eyes on the house, a few rods away. It stood on a knoll perching above Fort Ste. Anne. Years had passed since Pierre had visited the fort, and he was now on his way to it again after many wanderings. The house had stood here in the old days, and he remembered it very well, for against it John Marcey, the com-

pany's man, was shot by Stroke Laforce, of the mounted police, the riders of the plains. Looking now, he saw that the shutter which had been pulled off to bear the body away was hanging there just as he had placed it, with seven of its slats broken and a dark stain in one corner. Something more of John Marcey than memory attached to that shutter. His eyes dwelt on it long—he recalled the scene: a night with stars and no moon, a huge bonfire to light the Indians at their dance, and Marcey, Laforce, and many others there, among whom was Lucille, the little daughter of Gyng the Factor. Marcey and Laforce were only boys then, neither scarce twenty-three, and they were friendly rivals with the sweet little coquette, who gave her favors with a singular impartiality and justice. Once Marcey had given her a gold spoon. Laforce responded with a tiny fretted-silver basket. Laforce was delighted to see her carrying her basket—till she opened it and showed the spoon inside. There were many mock quarrels, in one of which Marcey sent her a letter by the company's courier, covered with great seals, saying: "I return you the hairpin, the egg shell, and the white wolf's tooth. Go to your Laforce, or whatever his ridiculous name may be."

In this way the pretty game ran on, the little golden-haired, golden-faced, golden-voiced child dancing so gayly in their

hearts, but nestling in them, too, after her willful fashion, until the serious thing came—the tragedy.

On the mad night when all ended, she was in the gayest, the most elf-like spirits. All went well until Marcey dug a hole in the ground, put a stone in it, and, burying it, said it was Laforce's heart. Then Laforce pretended to ventriloquize and mocked Marcey's slight stutter. That was the beginning of the trouble, and Lucille, like any lady of the world, troubled at Laforce unkindness, tried to smooth things over—tried very gravely. But the playful rivalry of many months changed its composition suddenly as through some delicate yet powerful chemical action, and the savage in both men broke out suddenly. Where motives and emotions are few they are the more vital, their action is the more violent. No one knew quite what the two young men said to each other, but presently, while the Indian dance was on, they drew to the side of the house and had their duel out in the half-shadows, no one knowing till the shots rang on the night, and John Marcey, without a cry, sprang into the air and fell face upward, shot through the heart.

They tried to take the child away, but she would not go; and when they carried Marcey on the shutter she followed close by, resisting her father's wishes and commands. And just



before they made a prisoner of Laforce she said to him very quietly—so like a woman she was: "I will give you back the basket and the riding-whip and the other things, and I will never forgive you—never!"

Stroke Laforce had given himself up; had himself ridden to Winnipeg, a thousand miles, and told his story. Then the sergeant's stripes had been stripped from his arm, he had been tried, and on his own statement had got twelve years' imprisonment. Ten years had passed since then—since Marcey was put away in his grave, since Pierre left Fort Ste. Anne, and he had not seen it or Lucille in all that time. But he knew that Gyng was dead, and that his widow and her child had gone South or East somewhere; of Laforce, after his sentence, he had never heard.

He stood looking at the house from the shade of the solitary pine-tree near it, recalling every incident of that fatal night. He had the gift of looking at a thing in its true proportions, perhaps because he had little emotion and a strong brain, or perhaps because early in life his emotions were rationalized. Presently he heard the voice again:

"He waits at the threshold stone—

(Why should the key-hole rust?)

The eagle broods at his side,

(Why should the blind be drawn?)

Long has he watched, and far has he called—

The lonely sentinel of the North—

'Who goes there?' to the wandering soul—

Heavy of heart is the Red Patrol—

(Why should the key-hole rust?)

The Scarlet Hunter is sick for home,

(Why should the blind be drawn?)"

Now he recognized the voice. Its golden timbre brought back a young girl's golden face and golden hair. It was summer, and the window with the broken shutter was open. He was about to go to it when a door of the house opened and a girl appeared. She was tall, with rich yellow hair falling loosely about her head; she had a strong, finely-cut chin and a broad brow, under which a pair of deep blue eyes shone—violet blue, rare and fine. She stood looking down at the fort for a few moments, unaware of Pierre's presence. But presently she saw him leaning against the tree, and she started as from a spirit.

"Monsieur!" she said—"Pierre!" and stepped forward again from the doorway.

He came to her, and "Ah, *p'tite* Lucille," he said, "you remember me, eh?—and yet so many years ago!"

"But you remember me," she answered, "and I have changed so much!"

"It is the man who should remember; the woman may forget if she will."

Pierre did not mean to pay a compliment; he was merely thinking.

She made a little gesture of deprecation. "I was a child," she said.

Pierre lifted a shoulder slightly. "What difference? It is sex that I mean. What difference to me—five, or forty, or ninety? It is all sex. It is only lovers, the hunters of fireflies, that think of age—*mais oui!*"

She had a way of looking at you before she spoke, as if she was trying to find what she actually thought. She was one after Pierre's own heart, and he knew it; but just here he wondered where all that ancient coquetry was gone, for there were no traces of it left; she was steady of eye, reposeful, rich in form and face, and yet not occupied with herself. He had only seen her for a minute or so, yet he was sure that what she was just now she was always, or nearly so, for the habits of a life leave their mark, and show through every phase of emotion and incident, whether it be light or grave.

"I think I understand you," she said. "I think I always did a little, from the time you stayed with Grah, the idiot, at Fort o' God, and fought the Indians when the others left. Only—men said bad things of you, and my father did not like you, and you spoke so little to me ever. Yet I mind how you used to sit and watch me, and I also mind when you rode the man down who stole my pony, and brought them both back."

Pierre smiled—he was pleased at this. "Ah, my young friend," he said, "I do not forget that either, for though he had shaved my ear with a bullet, you would not have him handed over to the Riders of the Plains—such a tender heart!"

Her eyes suddenly grew wide. She was childlike in her amazement, indeed, childlike in all ways, for she was very sincere. It was her great advantage to live where nothing was required of her but truth; she had not suffered that sickness, social artifice.

"I never knew," she said, "that he had shot at you—never! You did not tell that."

"There is a time for everything—the time for that was not till now."

"What could I have done then?"

"You might have left it to me. I am not so pious that I can't be merciful to the sinner. But this man—this Brickney—was a vile scoundrel always, and I wanted him locked up. I would have shot him myself, but I was tired of doing the duty of the law. Yes, yes," he added, as he saw her smile a little. "It is so. I have love for justice—even I, Pretty Pierre. Why not justice on myself? Ha! the law does not its duty. And maybe some day I shall have to do its work on myself. Some are coaxed out of life, some are kicked out, and some open the doors quietly for themselves and go a-hunting outside."

"They used to talk as if one ought to fear you," she said; "but"—she looked him straight in the eyes—"but maybe that's because you've never hid any badness."

"It is no matter, anyhow," he answered. "I live in the open; I walk in the open road, and I stand by what I do, to the open law and the Gospel. It is my whim—every man to his own saddle!"

"It is ten years," she said, abruptly.

"Ten years less five days," he answered as sententiously.

"Come inside," she said, quietly, and turned to the door.

Without a word he turned also, but instead of going direct to the door, came and touched the broken shutter and the dark stain on one corner with a delicate forefinger. Out of the corner of his eye he could see her on the doorstep looking intently.

He spoke as if to himself: "It has not been touched since then—no. It was hardly big enough for him, so his legs hung over! Ah, yes; ten years—abroad, John Marcey!" Then, as if still musing, he turned to the girl: "He had no father nor mother—no one, of course; so that it was not so bad after all. If you've lived with the tongue in the last hole of the buckle as you've gone, what matter when you go! *C'est égal*—it is all the same!"

Her face had become pale as he spoke, but no muscle stirred; only her eyes filled with a deeper color, and her hand closed tightly on the door-jamb.

"Come in, monsieur," she said, and entered. He followed her. "My mother is at the fort," she added, "but will be back soon."

She placed two chairs not far from the open door. They sat, and Pierre slowly rolled a cigarette and lighted it.

"How long have you lived here?" he asked, presently.

"It is seven years since we came first," she replied. "After that night they said the place was haunted, and no one would live in it, but when my father died my mother and I came for three years. Then we went East, and again came back, and here we have been."

"The shutter?" Pierre asked.

They needed few explanations—their minds were moving with the same thought.

"I would not have it changed, and of course no one cared to touch it. So it has hung there."

"As I placed it ten years ago," he said.

They both became silent for a time, and at last he said:

"Marcey had no one—Sergeant Laforce's mother."

"It killed his mother," she whispered, looking into the white sunlight. She was noting how it was flashed from the bark of the birch-trees near the fort.

"His mother died," she added again, quietly.

"It killed her—the jail for him!"

"An eye for an eye," he responded.

"Do you think that evens John Marcey's death?" she sighed.

"As far as Marcey's concerned," he answered. "Laforce has his own reckoning besides."

"It was not a murder," she urged.

"It was a fair fight," he replied, firmly, "and Laforce shot straight." He was trying to think why she lived here, why the broken shutter still hung there, why the matter had settled so deeply on her. He remembered the song she was singing, the legend of the Scarlet Hunter, the fabled Saviour of the North.

"Heavy of heart is the Red Patrol—

(Why should the key-hole rust?)

The Scarlet Hunter is sick for home,

(Why should the blind be drawn?)"

He repeated the words, lingering on them. He loved to come at the truth of things by allusive, far-off reflections, rather than by the sharp questioning of the witness-box. He had imagination, refinement in such things. A light dawned on him as he spoke the words—all became clear. She sang of the Scarlet Hunter, but she meant some one else! That was it:

"Hungry and cold is the Red Patrol—

(Why should the door be shut?)

The Scarlet Hunter has come to bide,

(Why is the window barred?)"

But why did she live here? To get used to a thought, to have it so near her that if the man—if Laforce himself came, she would have herself schooled to endure the shadow and the misery of it all? Ah, that was it! The little girl, who had seen her big lover killed, who had sent him back the fretted-silver basket, the riding-whip and other things, had kept the criminal in her mind all these years; had, out of her childish coquetry, grown into—what? As a child she had been wise for her years—almost too wise. What had happened? She had probably felt sorrow for Laforce at first, and afterward had shown active sympathy, and at last—no, he felt that she had not quite forgiven him; that, whatever was, she had not hidden the criminal in her heart. But why did she sing that song? Her heart was pleading for him—for the criminal. Had she and her mother gone to Winnipeg to be near Laforce, to comfort him? Was Laforce free now, and was she unwilling? It was so strange that she should thus have carried on her childhood into her womanhood. But he guessed her—she had imagination.

"His mother died in my arms in Winnipeg," she said abruptly at last. "I'm glad I was some comfort to her. You see, it all came through me—I was so young and spoiled and silly—John Marcey's death, her death, and his long years in prison! Even then I knew better than to set the one against the other. Must a child not be responsible? I was—I am!"

"And so you punish yourself?"

"It was terrible for me—even as a child. I said that I could never forgive, but when his mother died, blessing me, I did. Then there came something else!"

"You saw him, *chère amie*?"

"I saw him—so changed, so quiet, so much older—all gray at the temples. At first I lived here that I might get used to thought of the thing—to learn to bear it; and afterward that I might learn—" she paused, looking in half-doubt at Pierre.

"It is safe; I am silent," he said.

"That I might learn to bear—him," she continued.

"Is he still—" Pierre paused.

She spoke up quickly. "Oh, no; he has been free two years."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know." She waited for a minute, then said again, "I don't know. When he was free he came to me, but I—I could not. He thought, too, that because he had been in jail I wouldn't—be his wife. He didn't think enough of himself; he didn't urge anything. And I wasn't ready—no—no! how could I be? I didn't care so much about the jail, but he had killed John Marcey. The jail!—what was that to me? There was no real shame in it unless he had done a mean thing. He had been wicked—not mean. Killing is awful, but not shameful. Think—the difference—if he had been a thief!"

Pierre nodded. "Then some one should have killed him!" he said. "Well, after?"

"After—after—ah, he went away for a year. Then he came back; but no, I was always thinking of that night I walked behind John Marcey's body to the fort. So he went away again, and we came here, and here we have lived."

"He has not come here?"

"No; once from the far North he sent me a letter by an Indian, saying that he was going with a half-breed to search for a hunting party, an English gentleman and two men who were lost. The name of one of the men was Brickney."

Pierre stopped short in a long whiffing of smoke. "Holy!" he said, "that thief Brickney again! He would steal the broad road to hell if he could carry it. He once stole the quarters from a dead man's eyes. *Mon Dieu!* to save Brickney's life, the courage to do that!—like sticking your face in the mire and eating—but, pshaw!—go on, *p'tite* Lucille."

"There is no more. I never heard again."

"How long was that ago?"

"Nine months or more."

"Nothing has been heard of any of them?"

"Nothing at all. The Englishman belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, but they have heard nothing down here at Fort Ste. Anne."

"If he saves the company's man, that will make up the man he lost for them, eh—you think that, eh?" Pierre's eyes had a curious ironical light.

"I do not care for the company," she said.

"John Marcey's life was his own."

"Good!" he added quickly, and his eyes admired her. "That is the thing. Then, do not forget that Marcey took his life in his hands himself; that he would have killed Laforce if Laforce hadn't killed him."

"I know, I know," she said; "but I should have felt the same if John Marcey had killed Stroke Laforce."

"It is a pity to throw your life away," he ventured. He said this for a purpose. He did not think she was throwing it away.

She was watching a little knot of horsemen coming over a swell of the prairie far off. She withdrew her eyes and fixed them on Pierre.

"Do you throw your life away if you do what is the only thing you are told to do?"

She placed her hand on her heart—that had been her one guide.

Pierre got to his feet, came over, and touched her on the shoulder.

"You have the great secret," he said, quietly. "The thing may be all wrong to others, but if it's right to yourself—that's it! *mais oui!* If he comes," he added, "if he comes back, think of him as well as Marcey. Marcey is sleeping—what does it matter? If he is awake, he has better times, for he was a man to make another world sociable. Think of Laforce, for he has his life to live, and he is a man to make this world sociable."

"The Scarlet Hunter is sick for home—

(Why should the door be shut?)"

Her eyes had been following the group of horsemen on the plains. She again fixed them on Pierre and stood up.

"It is a beautiful legend—that," she said.

"But—but—" he asked.

She would not answer him.

"You will come again," she said; "you will—help me."

"Surely, *p'tite* Lucille, surely, I will come! But to help—ah, that would sound funny to the missionary at Fort Ste. Anne and to others."

"You understand life," she said, "and I can speak to you."

"It's more to you to understand you than to be good, eh?"

"I guess it's more to any woman," she answered.

They both passed out of the house. She turned toward the broken shutter. Then their eyes met. A sad little smile hovered at her lips.

"What is the use?" she said, and her eyes fastened on the horsemen.

He knew now that she would never shudder again at the sight of it, or at the remembrance of Marcey's death.

"But he *will* come," was the reply to her, and her smile almost settled and stayed.

They parted, and as he went down the hill he saw far over, coming up, a woman in black, who walked as if she carried a great weight. "Every shot that kills ricochets," he said to himself.

"His mother dead—her mother so."

He passed into the fort, renewing acquaintances in the company's store, and twenty minutes after he was one to greet the horsemen that Lucille had seen coming over the hills. They were five, and one had to be helped from his horse. It was Stroke Laforce, who had been found near dead at the Metal River by a party of men exploring in the North.

He had rescued the Englishman and his party, but within a day of the finding the Englishman died, leaving him his watch, a ring, and a cheque on the H. B. C. at Winnipeg. He and the two survivors, one of whom was Brickney, started south. One night Brickney robbed him and made to get away, and on his seizing the thief he was wounded. Then the other man came to his help and shot Brickney; after that weeks of wandering, and at last rescue and Fort Ste. Anne.

A half-hour after this Pierre left Laforce on the crest of the hill above the fort, and did not turn to go down till he had seen the other pass within the house with the broken shutter. And later he saw a little bonfire on the hill. The next evening he came to the house again himself. Lucille, alone, rose to meet him.

"Why should the door be shut?" he said, smiling.

"The door is open," she answered quickly and with a quiet joy.

He turned to the motion of her hand and saw Laforce asleep on a couch.

Soon afterward, as he passed from the house, he turned toward the window. The broken shutter was gone.

He knew now the meaning of the bonfire the night before.

## The Wonderful Aye-aye.

OF all the wonderful powers which nature gives to accommodate everything to its surroundings, there is no more interesting example than the little aye-aye which used to spend the night wandering through the large trees in the grove about our home in India.

He looked very much like a large, dark



squirrel, and he lived on the soft grub borers that, hidden away under the thick bark, are forever making deep holes into the hardest wood. They only work at night, but even by daylight, sheltered by the bark, they would be quite safe from any kind of bird that flies. The wonderful little aye-aye, however, seems made expressly to get at them.

In the first place, as he has to go about at night, his eyes are made very large and constructed to gather all the light there is, so that he can see the way when we should pronounce it totally dark. Even those eyes, however, are not bright enough to see the borers, for they are down under the thick bark, so he has a pair of ears that are as much too large for him as his eyes. He instantly locates the little grubs by listening till he hears their tiny horns clipping and sawing and grinding away upon the wood, down in some hole.

The next thing is to get through the bark. For that work nature has provided him with a set of teeth that are a whole tool-chest in themselves. He does not take off bark enough to hurt the tree, but in an instant, by sawing, gouging, and picking, has cleared away a small portion of bark and laid bare the borer's hole, down in the depths of which the grub is stowed away.

The aye-aye's teeth are so constructed that they sharpen themselves by use, but to have to cut way down into the hardest of hard wood for every little grub would be quite too much to demand of any aye-aye, and besides, it would soon weaken and destroy all the trees. The borers themselves are bad enough, but that would be much worse; so nature has made one toe on each fore-foot of the aye-aye to grow twice as long as the rest and yet remain the smallest round of any. This toe has a little claw on the end almost like a fish-hook. The moment the hole is opened that long, slender toe is pushed into it, the hook catches the grub, and out he comes.

To attend to all this the aye-aye's fore-feet have quite enough to do without clinging to branches, but he often has to work in perilous positions, so nature again comes to his aid with hind-feet that are almost like a monkey's. There are long, strong toes, and something very much like a thumb on each of them. He clings contentedly to a branch, upside down or any other way that chances to be most convenient, with his fore-feet always free to aid him in getting his supper.

If this little machine were a production of anything but nature it would surely be the most wonderful thing in the world.

HENRY W. FRENCH.

## Our Military Posts

### —Fort Sheridan.

FORT SHERIDAN marks a new policy in United States military posts. When transportation was slow and difficult, and bands of hostile Indians were scattered all over the country west of the Mississippi, from the Rio Grande to the northern boundary, it was necessary to have a large number of posts scattered throughout the thinly-settled mining and grazing country, and that they should be effectually fortified against Indians, the only enemy. With the settlement of the great West, however, and the gradual solution of the Indian problem, there comes a change in the military situation. The various transcontinental railway lines, with their connecting links, now make it possible to concentrate a formidable force at any point in the country within forty-eight hours. It has therefore been found advisable to station the military force in comparatively few large and well-appointed posts, near to the bases of supplies and to the centres of railroad communication. The army must be ready at all times to protect the country, both against a foreign enemy and domestic violence, and hence the location of the large military posts has a strategic bearing upon the possible sources of each of these dangers. The heavy burdens placed for centuries upon the proletariat of Europe have supplied, thanks to our wide-open doors, another enemy scarcely less formidable and insidious than our own Sioux and Apaches—the savages of civilization; and these are watched as carefully as nations which are constantly prepared for war.

Fort Sheridan is twenty-six miles from the court-house in Chicago, and is beautifully situated upon the bluffs on the shore of Lake Michigan. Along its western border runs the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, and a pretty station is being erected near the entrance. Although not a fort in the proper sense of the word, having no defensive work of any kind stronger than a wire-fence, it has a large garrison, and could be quickly fortified should troubles upon the northern border make

it necessary. Its history is a very recent one.

The military post of Fort Sheridan was established in December, 1887, just after the serious railroad riots in Chicago of that year, the land having been bought by the Commercial Club of Chicago and presented to the government for that purpose. Two companies of the Sixth Infantry, under Major William Lyster, formed the first garrison. In 1890 these were relieved by two companies of the Fifteenth Infantry, and in February, 1891, the headquarters of the regiment was established here, under command of Colonel R. E. A. Crofton, the whole regiment being quartered here the May following. The force was further augmented in October, bringing up the number of the garrison to eleven companies, comprising some six hundred and fifty men and four guns.

The necessity for the concentration of Federal troops in Chicago in July of the present year is well known. It is easier to start a conflagration than to control it, and despite the protestations of the strike leaders whose acts have lately been the subject of judicial inquiry in Chicago, there is little doubt that had the Federal troops not been summoned as promptly as they were and in such overpowering force, the city would have been in control of a mob as ruthless as that which looted New York in 1863, or ravaged Paris in 1871. Two days more would have seen all the railroad property, the stock-yards and elevators, and half the city beside, in ashes, and the whole railroad system of the country west of Pittsburgh paralyzed and wrecked.

After performing their difficult service in Chicago in a manner that won the praise of all classes of people as well as from the President, the entire force, numbering nearly eighteen hundred men, were temporarily attached to Fort Sheridan. They comprised, of infantry, Company A, Fifth; H, Seventh; F, Tenth; E, Twelfth; and F, Thirteenth, from Fort Leavenworth; B and F, Nineteenth, from Fort Brady; cavalry, four troops of the Sixth from Fort Niobrara, under Colonel Gordon, and four of the Third from Fort Riley under Major Morris; two batteries of the Second Artillery and one of the Fourth, from Fort Riley, under Major Randolph. All these, except the Third and Sixth Cavalry, have been returned to their stations, leaving a garrison of eight companies of infantry, ten troops of cavalry, and one battery of light artillery—altogether eighty-two officers and 1,155 men. A recruiting rendezvous is soon to be established at the post for the training of recruits. (Chicago proudly points to the fact that her recruiting-station leads the country by several lengths, the number of enlistments from June 1st, 1893, to July 31st, 1894, being 574, against 567 for New York, Brooklyn, and Boston combined.)

The post covers an area of 632½ acres, and its appointments are of the most modern and improved description. The barracks have a frontage of 1,005 feet, are built of brick and well-furnished, and have accommodations for twelve companies. In the centre stands a fine water-tower 226 feet in height, which is also used for signaling. The officers' quarters consist of thirty-two fine brick cottages on the bluffs for those having families, while a club-house and bachelors' hall accommodates the latter class. There is a pretty chapel and a light and cheerful hospital, but there has been little necessity for the use of the latter.

It is not too much to say that Fort Sheridan is one of the finest and best-appointed non-fortified posts in America, and, notwithstanding the large sums appropriated on it, is the most economical, per man and company, of any in the United States.

The rifle-range, where the shooting contests of the Department of the Missouri are now being held, is on a plateau at the north end of the post. It suffers somewhat from the winds, which are said to blow here in all directions at once, but its convenient location with regard to other posts makes it the rendezvous for the annual rifle-shoot. The department competition began September 14th, and the army competition on October 3d. Not only "sharp-shooting," but all kinds of rifle and pistol practice known to the regulations are put in practice, including known distance, bull's-eye and skirmish firing, firing from the ground, and firing from horseback. One of the most interesting features of the shoot this year was the trial of the new magazine rifle alongside of the Springfield arm.

## Pensions in Georgia.

In an article on "Pensions in the South," recently published in this paper, the writer stated that the amount paid by the State of Georgia in aid of disabled Confederate veterans "has not

been nearly so large as that appropriated by other States." Mr. W. H. Harrison, secretary of the Executive Department of Georgia, and pension clerk, writes that this statement is altogether inaccurate. He says:

"The fact is, Georgia pays annually more money to disabled soldiers and widows than any five other Southern States combined. She pays pensions annually to three thousand three hundred disabled soldiers, ranging from five dollars for the loss of one finger to one hundred and fifty dollars for total blindness or loss of two limbs, and there is no property disqualification to debar any disabled soldier from the benefits of the act.

"In 1865 and 1867 artificial limbs were purchased by the State and furnished to those who could use them. In this way about twenty-five thousand dollars was expended. In 1878 an act was passed pensioning those who had lost limbs, and the first payment amounted to nearly seventy thousand dollars. The second payment was made in 1883, and was nearly as much as the first. The third payment was in 1886, and was practically the same as for 1883. In 1887 the law was amended and other classes of disabilities provided for, and the number of beneficiaries increased from nine hundred and seventy-five to about two thousand one hundred. They continued to increase by the addition of new names until 1894, when they numbered three thousand three hundred. To these disabled Confederates one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars is annually paid.

"In 1890, after the adoption of a constitutional amendment authorizing it, an act was passed pensioning the widows of Confederate soldiers who lost their lives by reason of the service. Under this law four thousand and thirty-nine widows were paid pensions of one hundred dollars each in 1892, requiring the sum of four hundred and thirty thousand nine hundred dollars for that year. The pension was reduced to sixty dollars per annum in December of 1892, and since then the appropriation has been two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per annum. Of this latter sum two hundred and forty thousand dollars was expended in 1893, and two hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars in 1894, the falling off being caused by the death of a number of the beneficiaries.

"To make it more fully appear what the State of Georgia is doing and has done in this direction I summarize as follows: Paid soldiers in 1894, \$185,000; paid widows in 1894, \$239,000. Prior to 1894 the soldiers had received for artificial limbs and pensions, \$1,134,405; and widows had been paid \$643,900; to which, if we add payment of 1894, \$424,000, gives total pensions to date, \$2,202,305.

"In addition to the above a law requires the county authorities to levy and collect a special tax annually to pay each resident who has lost both eyes or two limbs while a soldier, a pension of one hundred dollars each. There are about twenty-five beneficiaries of this act who receive this county pension in addition to the State pension of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum.

"If the figures given by your contributor on this subject are to be relied upon, showing what other States are doing in the way of pensions to disabled soldiers, then Georgia pays annually more than all the other Southern States combined."

## The A. P. A.

THE enormous, and to a large extent undesirable, immigration of the past twenty-five years was in the main the cause of the organization of such societies as the American Protective Association. Differing widely from native-born Americans in manners, customs, and ideas; untaught in the ways of democracy save that they had been led to believe that American liberty meant license; the majority of them wholly dependent upon others for guidance in matters pertaining to political government; lacking, because of their ignorance and illiteracy, that independence of thought and belief and that sturdiness of character which are the birthright of American citizens, the twelve millions of foreigners who have come here since 1860 have exerted an influence which unquestionably has not tended toward the preservation and perpetuation of American institutions as founded by the fathers of the republic. Ignoring the principles embodied in the Constitution, attempts have been frequently made to overthrow, to nullify, to modify or amend some of its articles, but more particularly the first amendment, which reads in language plain and easily understood: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

History has not repeated itself in the A. P. A., for it is wholly unlike the Know-Nothing organization. As promulgated by the order itself, the principles of the A. P. A. are:

One.—Belief in the perpetuation of the American school system.

Two.—Complete separation of church and state, by which is meant the enactment of no laws respecting the establishment of any religion, and that no money shall be appropriated from either the national, State, or municipal treasuries for sectarian purposes.

Three.—The right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

Four.—Free speech, an untrammelled press, and one ballot for each and every citizen, fairly cast and honestly counted.

Five.—The esteeming of all persons—whether rich or poor, high or low—who can come to this country with a desire to familiarize themselves with our laws and form of government, and who swear allegiance to the United States without a mental reservation in favor of any prince, potentate, or pope, as men worthy of being clothed with American citizenship.

Six.—Belief in the restriction of immigration, so as to protect the honest citizen-laborer from the depressing

effects of the criminal, contract, and pauper horde that is swarming to our shores.

Seven.—A welcome to their council-chambers of men of all nationalities, believing that the accident of birth is not a true test of Americanism.

Eight.—Unalterable opposition to priestly dictation and interference in the affairs of state.

There appears to be a considerable difference of opinion as to the true origin of the A. P. A. Evangelist Leyden, an A. P. A. lecturer, is authority for the statement that the idea of a national patriotic organization was first evolved by Hon. H. F. Bower, of Clinton, Iowa, who, with seven others whose names are not given, established the first A. P. A. council in his native town on March 13th, 1887. He was for six years its supreme president. Mr. Bowers is a lawyer by profession, and has held several important public offices.

For several years the strength of the A. P. A. was confined to the State of Iowa, but in 1890, 1891, and 1892 it began to branch out into adjoining territory. In the last months of 1892 and all through the following year it grew rapidly, until at last it held the balance of power in the west Central States, and was numerically very strong in Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Ohio. In 1892-93 it for the first time became a power in politics, taking its partisan complexion from the majority party of the State in which it existed—as, for example, in Indiana it is supposed to be Democratic, in Ohio Republican. During the last months of 1892 the A. P. A. was said to be increasing in membership at the rate of about one hundred thousand per month, and this estimate, so I have been repeatedly told by men who are supposed to be connected with it, is conservative.

The membership, so far as I have been able to learn, is not made up of any particular class of society, although the majority are from the great middle class. It has on its rolls, so I am reliably informed, judges on the Bench as well as laborers, members of State Legislatures, and national, State, and municipal officials, clerks and farmers, merchants and mechanics, representatives of all social, financial, and intellectual conditions. Not a few learned professors and collegians are members of it.

It is said by members of the association—and statistics seem to bear out the truth of the assertion—that the society has lost only a small per cent. of the elections in which it has been engaged. In the West, and in several instances in the East, it has dictated or influenced nominations. In 1893 it took for the first time an active part in the elections of the State of New York, its phenomenal growth in the Empire State at last warranting a participation in them as the A. P. A. and not as voters merely, with none but partisan affiliations. Its success in New York State caused at once an enormous gain in membership in New York City, where prior to November 7th only one or two unimportant councils had existed. In Brooklyn it was already strong. During this year the gains have been mostly in the East, it is said, in New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Connecticut. In Massachusetts, Maine, and Rhode Island the Order of Deputies, similar in purpose and principle to the A. P. A., is the secret political power. The total membership of the various organizations patterned after the A. P. A., and including it, is estimated to be not far from three million five hundred thousand.

I fail to find a sound basis for the contention that the A. P. A., as an organization, is anti-Catholic, or that it wages war against any religion as a religion. That there are anti-Catholic fanatics in the order it must be admitted, but they are in the minority. As an organization the A. P. A. contends against none but political powers, and only when the influence of those powers is exerted against what is honestly believed to be for the best interests of America, her laws, beliefs, and the preservation and perpetuation of her institutions. It has overthrown in politics Protestants, Lutherans, and Catholics alike, not discriminating against the believer of any religion or the member of any church, save when that member has not been a good American and a subscriber to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, without mental or verbal reservation. So long as the members of the A. P. A. stick to their promulgated principles they will have the sympathy and assistance of all Americans; but they cannot mix religion and politics, and prosper and endure.

JOHN A. STEWART.

## The Base-Ball League.

THE result of the base-ball league race for 1894 was foreseen for a fortnight or more before the last game was played. Baltimore has for the first time won the championship, the New York Giants finishing second, and the Boston third.





Walter S. Brodie, centre field.



Dennis Brouthers, first base.



William Gleason, pitcher.



John J. McMahon, pitcher.



Wilbert Robinson, catcher.



Joseph J. Kelly, left field.



William H. Keeler, right field.



Edward Hanlon, manager.



Hugh Jennings, short stop.



Henry P. Reitz, second base.



Charles Esper, pitcher.



John McGraw, third base.



The Temple Cup.



William V. Hawke, pitcher.



George Hemming, pitcher.

THE BALTIMORE TEAM, LEAGUE CHAMPIONS FOR 1894-95.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERKINS, BY COURTESY OF THE BALTIMORE "EVENING NEWS"



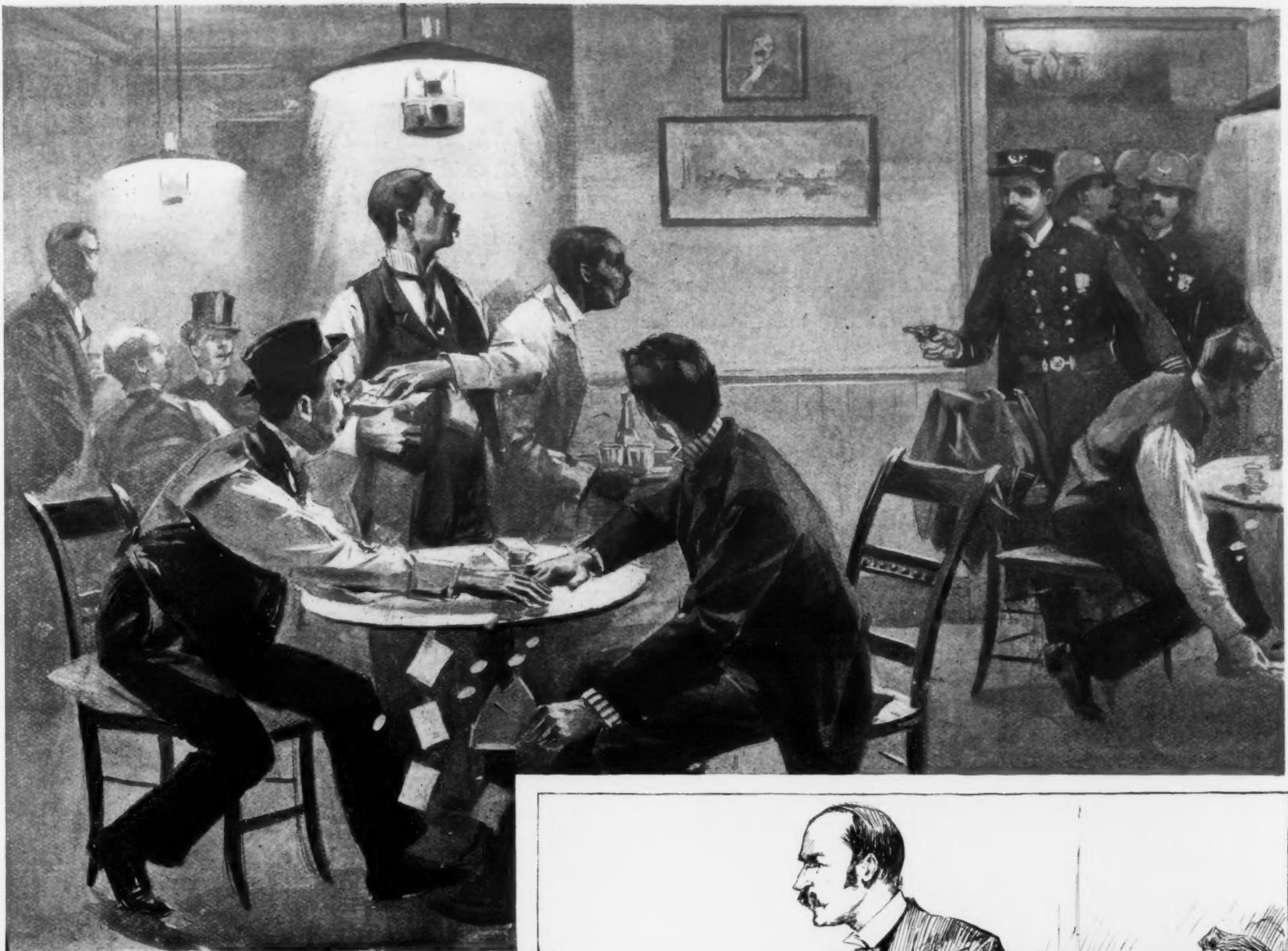
1. Park A. Wilson. 2. Charles A. Farrell. 3. George van Haltren. 4. Roger Conner (released). 5. Jouett Meekin. 6. Huyler Westervelt. 7. Amos Rusie. 8. W. H. Clark. 9. Lester German. 10. John J. Doyle. 11. John Ward. 12. M. J. Tiernan. 13. George S. Davis. 14. W. B. Fuller. 15. Edward Burke. 16. James Stafford. 17. W. H. Murphy.

THE NEW YORK TEAM.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRINCE.

THE CONTEST FOR THE TEMPLE CUP BETWEEN THE CHAMPION BALTIMORES AND THE NEW YORKS.—[SEE PAGE 233.]

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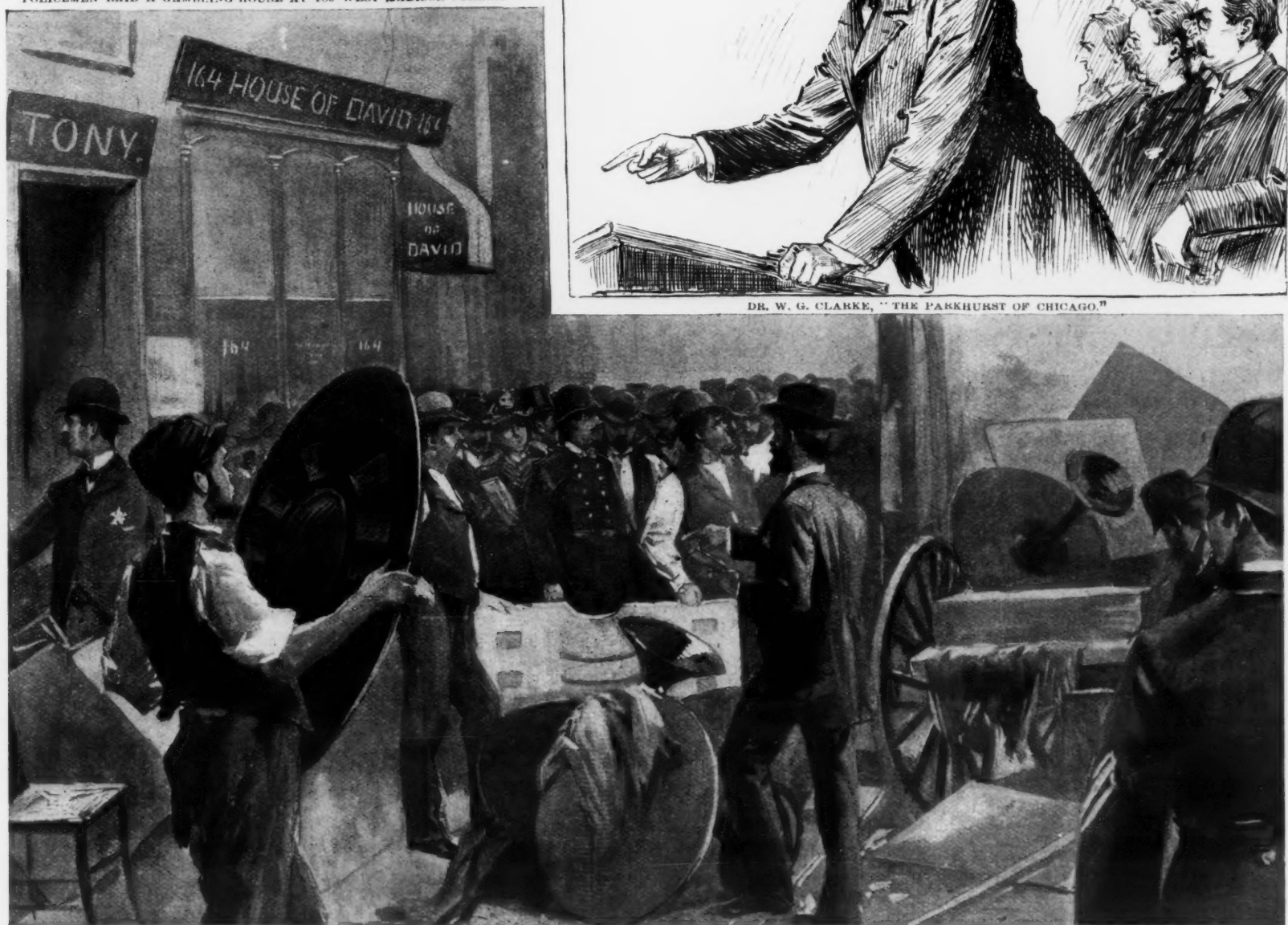




POLICEMEN RAID A GAMBLING-HOUSE AT 180 WEST MADISON STREET.



DR. W. G. CLARKE, "THE PARKHURST OF CHICAGO."



DEPUTY-SHERIFFS SEIZING AND CARRYING OFF GAMBLING DEVICES FROM THE "HOUSE OF DAVID," ON CLARK STREET.

### CIVIC REFORM IN CHICAGO.

THE CRUSADE OF THE CIVIC FEDERATION AGAINST THE GAMBLING EVIL.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST FROM SKETCHES BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 236.]  
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## THE WHIPPING-POST IN DELAWARE.

THE quarterly whipping of petty criminals—the autumnal whipping for 1894—by the sheriff of New Castle County, Delaware, took place in the jail-yard at New Castle on Saturday, September 22d. Eleven men, three white and eight black men, were punished at the whipping-post and pillory. Three of the colored men, who, if there is anything in a name, may be of ancient and honorable lineage—a Bayard, a Scribner, and a Miller—were punished in the pillory and afterward were whipped; the first for horse-stealing, and the two latter for burglary. The eight other men were whipped for petty larceny, six of them getting ten, and two getting twenty lashes.

The seat of origin, and persistent continuance for two and a half centuries, of this comedy-tragedy administration of justice is the old Dutch town of New Amstel. The settlement is of Swedish origin, but this particular mode of corporal punishment of petty criminals, which has made Delaware even more famous than has the world-wide fame of her partisan politicians, is of Dutch introduction. At least the first pub-



RELEASING A PRISONER FROM THE STOCKS.

lic whipping of which record is made in the history of Delaware is credited to the Dutch commandant at Fort Casimir, the Dutch military post at New Amstel. There is no record of a continuance of this mode of punishment, by the Swedes, who hauled down the Dutch flag in 1654. With the advent of the English about thirty years later, the prevalent criminal code of Europe was permanently fixed in what is now the territory of the Middle States, and from that time until now the quarterly whipping of petty criminals by the sheriff of New Castle County, at New Amstel, now New Castle, has proceeded without serious or long-continued interruption.

The old court-house, one of the oldest public buildings in the State, is picturesquely situated at the corner of two streets, and faces south. The jail, a later structure, extends north from the rear of the court-house, and is inclosed by a stone wall about twenty feet high. The eastern division of this wall, running parallel with the wall of the old building, incloses the yard in which stands the whipping post. This yard is about sixty by one hundred feet in extent; access to it from the street is by the big doors, or gates, shown in the picture of the jail. The gates of the jail-yard were thrown open at about ten o'clock on September 22d. The sunshine streamed down over the wall and through the gates, making the place inside the wall a veritable sweat-box. A dozen men and boys were waiting outside for the opening of the gates, and they lounged lazily into the yard to see William Miller, colored, burglar and a convict, put in the pillory. By the time he was released and Alexander Scribner, an incorrigible negro thief who was to have his second experience with the post and pillory, and Levi Bayard, colored and a horse-thief, were ready for the pillory, the crowd about the jail-yard had increased to nearly two hundred people. Before they were released it had reached its height. It was not a large crowd, but a truly representative one, and included visitors from Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts,

and Colorado. The local visitors represented all grades of people, from the black-and-tan street gamin to the sober-faced and black-robed priest—there were men and women and children, and dogs, of all sizes.

At noon William Burton, a small but muscular colored man, came out as the first victim of the whipping-post. He was given ten lashes for larceny. Burton appeared to suffer more than any of the men who were whipped. The blows seemed to be well laid on, and the third of the ten lashes of the "cat" heard a hundred feet away, did not sound like merry music for happy dancers. His back was covered with cord-like welts when he was through, but no blood had been drawn. He received his punishment in silence, neither complaining nor groaning.

Alexander Scribner, who had been in the pillory, was the next victim of the "cat." He came to the post without any apparent fear of the punishment he was to get, and after getting his twenty lashes ran away laughing, and was laughed at by the crowd.

These were specimen cases of the whole lot. There were no screams, no groans, no blood, and no begging for mercy—nothing to substantiate the sensational stories imputing brutality and barbarism to Delaware's administration of justice at the whipping-post. Levi Bayard, colored, who was the first man in the pillory, was the last man to be whipped. He received thirty lashes, the heaviest penalty of the lot, and when he was released sprang past the sheriff and ran back to the jail laughing and singing, "It is all over now."

The whippings had occupied about thirty minutes, and the work in the pillory, for the three men, two hours. During it all Sheriff Gould and Warden Francis had acted as humanely as men could in the performance of an unpleasant duty. The sheriff hardly spoke during the thirty minutes, and when he did so it was a kind word as he quickly loosed the wrist of the man whose back he had just been lashing with the "cat." Warden Francis called the names of the culprits and counted the lashes. All the men were quickly released from the post and conducted at once to their cells in the jail, and within five minutes after Levi Bayard had run away from the post the crowd had all gone and the big gates opening on the street were closed.

The judges of Delaware courts—than whom there have been no abler jurists or more impartial judges—have all been favorably impressed with the whipping-post as a method of punishment particularly suited to this little commonwealth. They believe that it is not only a deterrent of crime among the local vicious class, but that it also protects the State from being overrun by the noted cracksmen of the larger and more populous States. Statistics justify this view. There has been no notable burglary in Delaware since 1870, and the one in that year was the first for half a century. In a comparison of criminal statistics made a few years ago to ascertain the value of the whipping-post as a deterrent of crime, four counties of about the same population, and representative of near-by and distant States, were compared with New Castle County. The per cent. of criminals was less in Delaware than elsewhere. The account stood like this: In South Carolina the ratio was one in every 1,658; in Maryland, one in 111; in Pennsylvania, one in 1,333; in Minnesota, one in 84, and in New Castle County the ratio was one in 2,046.

The cruelties of the system are all of the past. The provision of the law for whipping white women has been in disuse for a long while—since 1836. No colored women have been whipped since 1870. Previous to that the whipping of women was very rare.

Delawareans understand and admit that in some things the State laws and customs are antiquated, but they are not barbarous. Circumstances which it has been difficult to control have conspired to retain old customs and laws in the Middle and border States, and all these circumstances apply with peculiar force to Delaware. Lying between the North and the South, a neutral between contestants, Delaware has been alternately moved upon by the forces of two opposing civilizations. The laws and customs constituting these two opposing forces have been mingled and modified, but not destroyed;—the Puritan and the Cavalier appear still in the Delaware concrete.

Marked and scarred by the tide-rip of two oceans, there is to be found within the narrow geographical limits of the State the social and legal wreckage of two and a half centuries.

G. W. ROBERTS.

### Returned Unopened.

By May D. Hatch.

DEAR MARGARET:—It is so long since I dared trust myself to write those words, and yet I must to-night—implore you to try  
And read my letter kindly—Margaret.

I thought I had forgotten long ago.  
And now, not even knowing where you are,  
My heart cries out for help, beseeching so  
That it must touch you sometime, near or far.

I went to-night to Teddy Allan's last  
Bachelor dinner—twenty of us there—  
And after dinner came that best repast  
Of songs and stories in the smoke-filled air.

Each song or yarn we greeted with a roar,  
But most a devil with an angel's voice,  
Who sang and sang and then we begged one more,  
And waited laughing while he made a choice.

But this time, with his voice divinely low  
And sweet, he sang "Love's Sorrow"—held us  
Still.

I thought I had forgotten long ago,  
But some things one may not forget at will.

I shut my eyes, vibrating through and through  
With the wild, passionate stirring of the song;  
The loveliness of living, that means you—  
Came back to me that I had missed so long.

I have not seen the sun shine since you went  
Out of my life; I have not known a day  
The peace of trusting love, the deep content  
That a swift hour's folly swept away.

When he was through I left them to come here,  
Whispering with madness—she will take me back.  
Oh, Margaret! have you, too, been lonely, dear?  
Send me one word and let me come.  
Yours, JACK.

### Civic Reform in Chicago.

IN its campaign against public gambling the Civic Federation of Chicago has shown that splendid vigor which animates all the work of this great city, and also the admirable capability for organization which characterized the city in its conduct of the Columbian Exposition. Chicago has declared that, both for its interest and its good name, gambling must go, and go it will. Chicago takes no neutral or middle ground. She will either have more gambling than any other city in the country or she will have less. That is her way. She will take no back seat to New York in the matter of municipal reform. Now that she has decided that gambling is bad form and altogether evil, she will give the older metropolis points in the suppression of the evil. True, until now gambling has been regarded as one of the institutions of the city; a necessary evil that was perhaps not altogether evil. The "business" was not licensed, else the city ring could not have levied blackmail upon it at the rate of half a million dollars per annum. But the "business" was protected all the same, so completely that the mayor stoutly declared that there was no public gambling in Chicago, and the chief of police himself announced that he was unable to find any. It happened that the first of the recent raids, which prematurely fired the mine, was a blunder on the part of the diamond-stud gentry. The faro industry had been a little overdone, and one or two of the dealers had not made enough money, it was claimed, to pay their pro rata of the protection fund. So the principal recalcitrant was "pulled," the complainant's attorney being the known counsel for the gamblers' ring. This might have passed as a mere matter of discipline had not the Civic Federation just got its machinery in order for a campaign, which they at once began, to the dismay of the fraternity and the disgust of the city authorities, the mayor sending out to the gamblers a reluctant tip to close up, an order that was obeyed with the worse grace because it came too late to save them, and just after some seventy of the big houses had paid their assessment of five hundred dollars for a protection that did not protect. The raids continued through the aid of Finkerton detectives and special deputy-sheriffs, and the costly furniture of the leading establishments in the city, some of them employing fifty to seventy men, and having a weekly pay-roll of from twenty-five hundred to thirty-three hundred dollars, was seized, broken to pieces, and burned in the city building furnace by order of Judge Brentano, despite writs of replevin issued by an accommodating justice and served by a coroner.

The report of the Civic Federation that there were in Chicago between fifteen hundred and two thousand professional gamblers, including four millionaires and five thousand habitués of gaming resorts, and giving the locations and description of over one hundred public gambling-houses, many of them in the shadow of the city hall itself, aroused public feeling to a high pitch, and a mass-meeting called for Sunday afternoon, September 23d, at the Central Music Hall, Professor Swing's church, resulted in not only crowding that Western Faunil Hall to its utmost capacity, but

in filling two other halls beside, the audiences listening attentively for three hours to the earnest addresses of prominent clergymen and business men, and evincing by their enthusiasm their hearty support of the movement.

A brief review of the scheme of the Civic Federation will indicate its great influence in municipal affairs. It is, as its name signifies, a federation of all the principal societies which are laboring in their separate lines and fields to advance the municipal, philanthropic, industrial or moral interests of the city. It aims to combine all these forces without affecting their independent life, and to throw their united influence and power toward promoting the honesty, efficiency, and economy of the city government and the highest welfare of the citizens. It has its representative ward and precinct councils, and a central council of ninety-nine members, besides being divided into six great branches or committees, each undertaking a separate line of municipal reform or civic progress. It is not only non-sectarian and non-partisan, but it recognizes all shades of religious and party faith by welcoming their representatives to its councils. One of the most important lines of the federation's work is that which it is now organizing relating to labor, the settlement of labor difficulties by conciliation, and in various ways promoting the well-being of the workingman and working-woman. For its president it has Lyman J. Gage, a public-spirited citizen of national reputation, while the womanhood of the city is recognized in its first vice president, Bertha Honoré Palmer, one of the most influential and capable women of Chicago. The labor interests have a representative in John J. McGrath, ex-president of the Trades and Labor Assembly. The secretary is R. M. Easley, a hustling newspaper man, and E. S. Dryer, of track-elevation commission fame, is treasurer. The chairman of the committee on morals, which has conducted the campaign against gambling, is Dr. W. G. Clarke, secretary of the People's Institute, and sometimes called the Parkhurst of Chicago.

The important part which the women of Chicago are taking in this movement is significant of its success. Miss Ada Sweet, the efficient president of the Women's Club, and Miss Jane Addams, the big-hearted originator of Hull House, a philanthropy of almost world-wide reputation, are working with five hundred wives of prominent citizens to further the reform and educational work with which the federation has become identified.

The work of the Civic Federation in Chicago is but just begun. They intend to have not only a clean city morally, but clean materially; to have good schools, wise and well-administered charitable institutions, employment for the workmen, and in short, as their motto has it, "The best of everything for Chicago." Their work, it is needless to say, will be watched with interest by every city in the land, and by every citizen who loves good government.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

### Charles Stewart Smith.

MR. CHARLES STEWART SMITH, chairman of the Citizens' Committee of Seventy, is an original thinker,



CHARLES STEWART SMITH.  
Photograph by Fredricks.

a determined and energetic leader, and a successful business man. For years he has either instigated or been in the front ranks of every genuine reform movement in municipal politics, and his great activity in matters of public improvement has been productive of the most beneficial results.

In his numerous papers and addresses on such weighty topics as the great metropolitan transit problem and the relation of railroads to our commercial affairs, he has displayed an acuteness of perception, a comprehensiveness of grasp and fertility of resource that have commanded the attention and approval of the whole thinking community.

Of English descent, the family settled in the valley of the Connecticut in early colonial days. His father was the pastor of a Congregational Church at Exeter, New Hampshire, and here Charles Stewart Smith was born on the second day of March, 1832. His mother was a daughter of Aaron Dickinson Woodruff, of Trenton, New Jersey, a distinguished lawyer and for many years attorney-general of the State. Receiving a sound elementary education in his



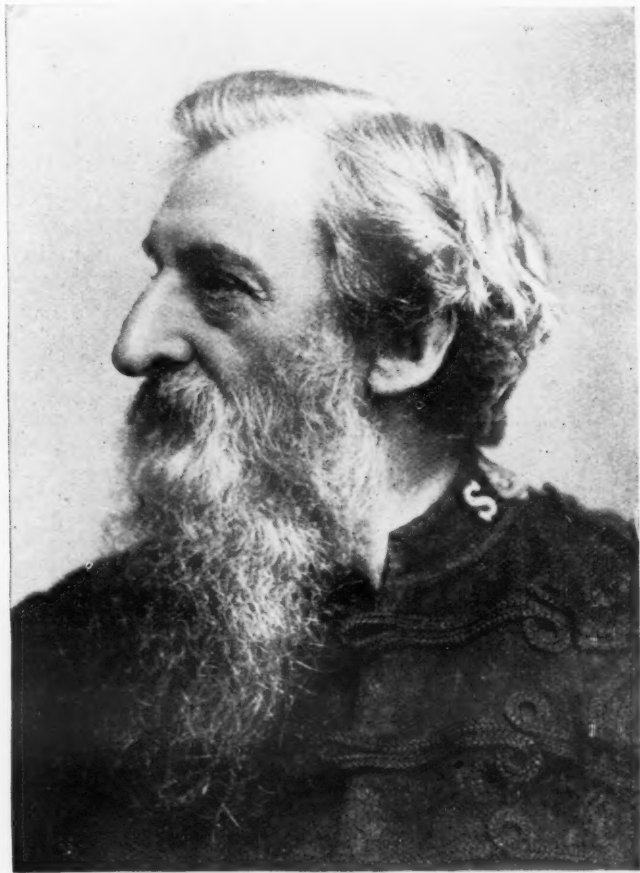
native town, young Smith, at the age of fifteen, set forth to make his fortune. Finding employment as clerk in a dry-goods jobbing house in this city, his progress was rapid, and at the age of twenty-one he entered the great firm of S. B. Chittenden & Co. as a partner. For several years he was their resident European buyer. Subsequently, as senior member of the well-known firm of Smith, Hogg & Gardner, he continued prominently identified with the dry-goods trade of this city and Boston, and accumulated a large fortune with which he retired from mercantile pursuits in 1887.

For seven years Mr. Smith held the presidency of the Chamber of Commerce, the most influential, as it is the most venerable, of metropolitan mercantile institutions. He was one of the founders of the Fifth Avenue Bank and of the German-American Insurance Company, and is a director in many noted corporations, among them the United States Trust Company, the Fourth National and Merchants' banks, the Presbyterian Hospital, and the Equitable Life Insurance Company. He is also a trustee of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, a veteran member of the Union League Club, and connected with the Century Association and the Merchants' Club.

J. R.

### General Booth's Welcome.

THE visit of General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, to this country is an event of great interest not only to the members of that wonderful organization but to the general public. His welcome promises to be most hearty and enthusiastic. His first public reception will be held in Union Square at six



GENERAL BOOTH, FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY, NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.

o'clock on the evening of Monday, October 22d, when it is expected that some twenty thousand Salvationists and others will be present. The first inside demonstration will take place on the same evening at eight o'clock in Carnegie Music Hall. At eight P. M. on Tuesday, the 23d, there will be a mammoth social demonstration, at which General Booth will speak concerning his great social scheme.

### Our Foreign Pictures.

#### THE WELLMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

CAPTAIN WALTER WELLMAN, the captain of the Wellman Arctic expedition, which was compelled to turn back after reaching the eighty-first parallel, gives a vivid account of his experiences. No ice was found between Norway and Spitzbergen, and very little on the west coast of Spitzbergen, but on the 12th of May, only eleven days out from Tromsø, northwest storms set in, bringing the ice down upon the coast and piling it up in great confusion. Perceiving the impossibility of immediate advance with the steamer, the expedition left it at once, intending to go along the smooth ice to the east, hoping in that direction to find a better

road toward the lands believed to exist north-east of Spitzbergen. Four days afterward news came that the ship had been wrecked by the ice. Wellman decided to continue the sledging expedition as far as possible, but he found on the coast of northeast land the same unfavorable conditions. Progress to the north or north-east was absolutely impossible. Captain Wellman made an effort with one of his aluminum boats and a picked crew of eight men, but after four days of indescribable labor found that they were simply butting their heads against a stone wall. They had got about three miles in the four days. The explorer says, in summing up his story: "We have demonstrated one good thing. We have demonstrated the value of the aluminum boats and sledges. The boats withstood every test where heavier wooden boats would have been splintered and shattered. Next year, with fairly good fortune, I hope to do much toward solving the Arctic problem."

#### A TRAGIC DEATH ON THE ALPINE GLACIERS.

Margherita of Savoy, Queen of Italy, is an enthusiastic Alpinist. Each succeeding summer, of late years, she has organized mountain-climbing excursions among the Italian Alps; and the pictures with which the public has become familiar, representing the fair queen, alpenstock in hand and in rough mountaineering costume, among the wild rocks and glaciers above the snow-line, are authentic and unexaggerated. Her objective point, this season, was the Lys glacier on Monte Rosa—a region familiar to her from two previous visits. The party set out in the last week of August, under the direction of the Baron Luigi de Peccoz, whose villa at Gressoney was the rendezvous and headquarters of the royal excursionists.

On the morning of August 25th, having camped on the mountain over night, they were traversing the Grenz, a small glacier tributary to the Lys, at an altitude of more than four thousand metres. The climbers were divided into three groups, attached to one another and to the guides by long cords. On the same line with the queen, and directly in front of her, was the Baron de Peccoz. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the baron uttered a cry and fell dead in his tracks, stricken with heart-disease. He was a devoted friend of the queen, and his strangely tragic death, under her very eyes, caused her a severe shock. The excursion thus came to an abrupt end, and the dead nobleman was carried in funeral procession back to Gressoney.

#### ANOTHER BULLET-PROOF SHIELD.

An interesting test was recently made at Sheffield, England, of a new bullet-proof shield, designed by Captain Francis Boynton. This device is made of steel, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and is intended primarily to supersede the shelter-trench and rifle-pit, and to be borne by skirmishers. It is arranged so that it can be fixed to the rifle very readily and as readily dropped. As shown in the sketch, the shields can be interlocked to protect a section or half-section of men, one rank using the hollow of the top, the others the loop-hole formed by the rifle slot. "As a ready defense," we quote the London Graphic, "the time saved in putting up the shields would be very great compared to intrenching. Captain Boynton further claims for his shield that in skirmishing the soldier is enabled to change his position with facility, carrying his protection with him, as against the disadvantage in the other case of having to dig a new pit for each rush—losing valuable time and incurring great risk while preparing the necessary cover. A further advantage of the shield is that in case of retreating from the position it is carried by the soldier, still affording protection." In the test at Sheffield the shield was fixed at the end of an iron tube thirty yards long, and five shots were

fired, Lee-Metford bullets being used, without making any perforation. The weight of the shield was eight pounds, with a width of sixteen inches and a height of fourteen inches.

#### OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give an illustration of the funeral of the late Comte de Paris, which occurred at Weybridge, England, on September 12th, the services being held in the small Roman Catholic church of the town. We also give a picture of a curious dental operation, of which an elephant was the subject, and a representation of a bivouac scene of ordinary Chinese soldiers.

### The Japanese Victories.

THE great and decisive victory of the Japanese in the naval battle in the Bay of Corea, at the mouth of the Yalu River, is an event of profound significance to the European Powers. It shows that Japan must hereafter be counted upon as a positive factor in international politics, and especially in the political relations of the East. It does not, indeed, assure the ultimate triumph of the Japanese in the struggle now in progress, but it demonstrates her possession of fighting power, acquired and asserted in accordance with modern methods, which no government can afford to despise, and which may, under some conditions, become determinative as against European policies. Foreign journals are quick to discern the significance of these Japanese triumphs, the London Spectator going so far as to say that the final victory of that Power would "sound the death-knell of the European supremacy in Asia."

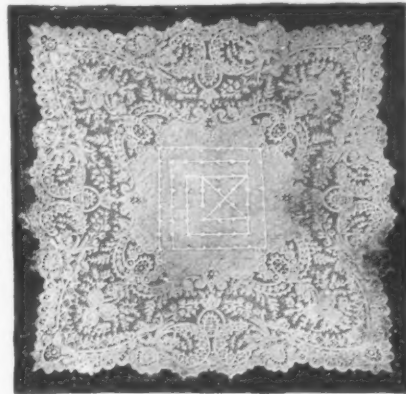
The immediate effect of this naval victory has been to give the Japanese undisputed possession of the Korean peninsula, and the mastery of the Yellow Sea and the Bay of Corea. It opened the way to Moukden, and thence in a southwesterly course to Tien-Tsin, or directly against Peking. From Moukden the treaty port of New Chwang would also be within their reach. The capture of this port, which supplies all the coast with agricultural products, would be a very severe blow to the Chinese. It is evident that the Chinese government, which has no efficient body of soldiers with which to resist a Japanese advance, are apprehensive that the aggressive movement now in progress in the direction indicated will result in still further successes for the invaders. The Japanese are hurrying forward re-enforcements on a large scale; it is even said that a Japanese force has already invaded Chinese territory. Preparations for the better defense of Peking are being energetically pushed.

In the battle off the mouth of the Yalu Admiral Ito was in command of the Japanese fleet, and all accounts agree that he displayed the very highest capacity and courage. He was frequently in imminent peril. His flagship, Matsushima, was the object of the Chinese attack throughout the fight. A Chinese shell struck and dismounted a quick-firing gun, and, completing the disaster, the gun was flung violently against the side of the ship. The commander and the first lieutenant of the Matsushima were killed, as were also a number of seamen. Admiral Ito did not delay a moment in transferring himself and staff to the Hashidate, and in a few minutes he was again in the thick of the fight.

### Our Lady's Kerchief.

ANSWER TO THE SECOND PROPOSITION TO THE GREAT PUZZLE.

CONDUCTED BY SAM LOYD.



OUT of upward of six thousand answers to this stipulation of the puzzle but two were received who did the trick in fourteen strokes, or thirteen angles. One was from "Dollie Griswold," who has captured many prizes in puzzle contests; the other was from Professor Thomas Cox. Regarding the awarding of the kerchief, which was referred to the winners, the latter offered to leave the matter of dividing the prize to his fair opponent, either to divide the value of the prize, as proposed in our last issue, or to continue the contest until the tie is broken. Miss "Dollie Griswold" replies: "As I was ambitious to win that kerchief, and am led to infer that the monetary value of the prize is of secondary importance to either of us, I accept the suggestion to let the new kerchief problem decide which of us wins it by finding the best answer."

This contest, which, as will be seen, is also open to all of our friends, is as follows:

With the point of a pencil start from any one of the spaces between four stars, pass with one continuous line through all of the forty-nine squares and back to original square, without going through any square twice. It is not permitted to go outside of the stars. Ten dollars will be divided among those who find the best answer.

The second stipulation: Begin at one of the stars and mark them all off with one continuous line, returning back to starting-point, making as few turns as possible. Ten dollars will be divided among such as find the best answer.

Ladies' special prize: To the lady giving the best answer to both problems by Christmas we will present a splendid sewing-machine of such make as may be selected. State your preference so as to determine which is the favorite machine.

### Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them \*

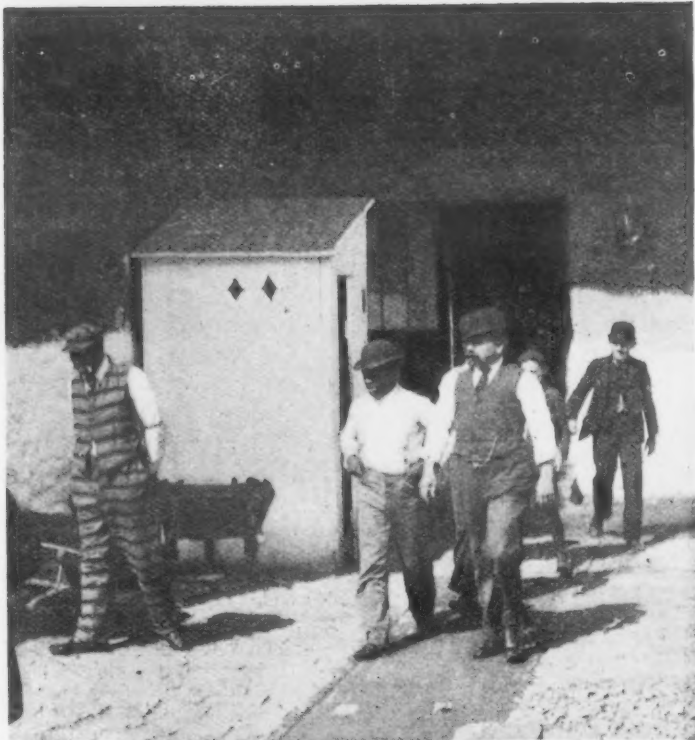
**IF** THERE are any house-keepers not using ROYAL BAKING POWDER, its great qualities warrant them in making a trial of it.

The ROYAL BAKING POWDER takes the place of soda and cream of tartar, is more convenient, more economical, and makes the biscuit, cake, pudding and dumpling lighter, sweeter, more delicious and wholesome.

Those who take pride in making the finest food say that it is quite indispensable therefor.

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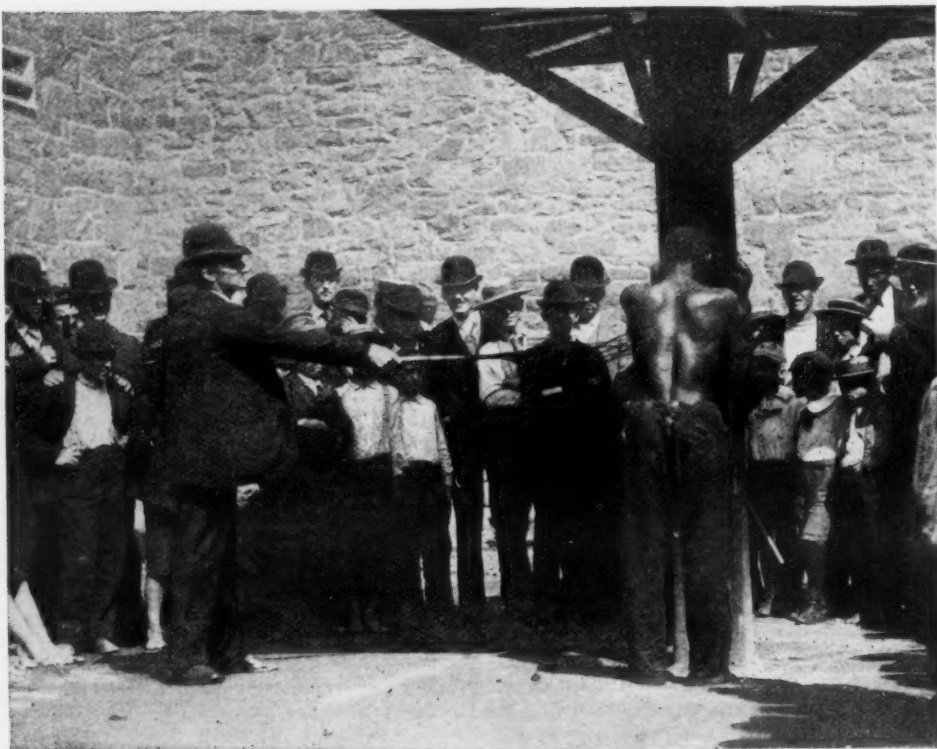




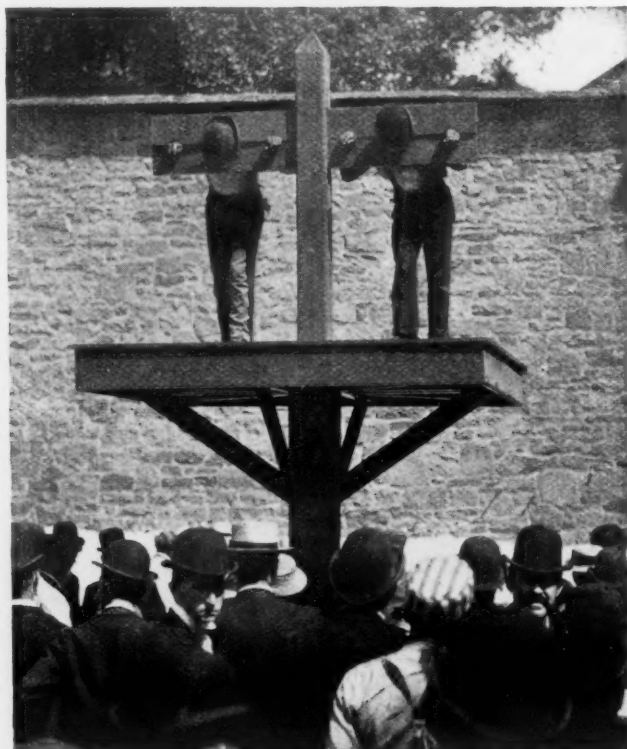
ON THE WAY TO THE WHIPPING-POST.



A COLORED OFFENDER SHRINKING UNDER THE LASH.



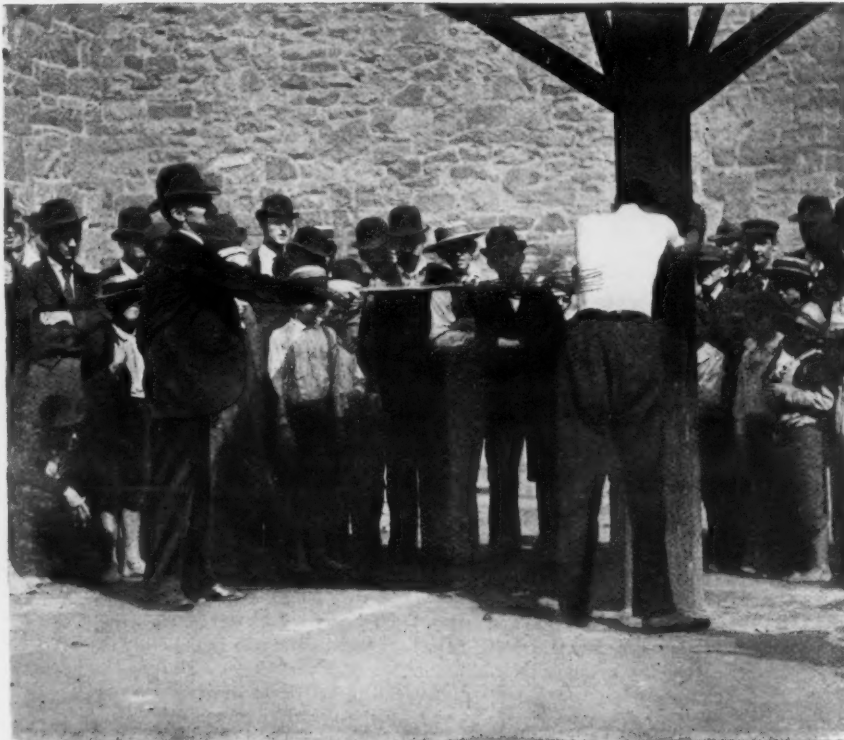
"HIS BACK WAS COVERED WITH WELTS, BUT HE MADE NO COMPLAINT."



IN THE PILLORY.



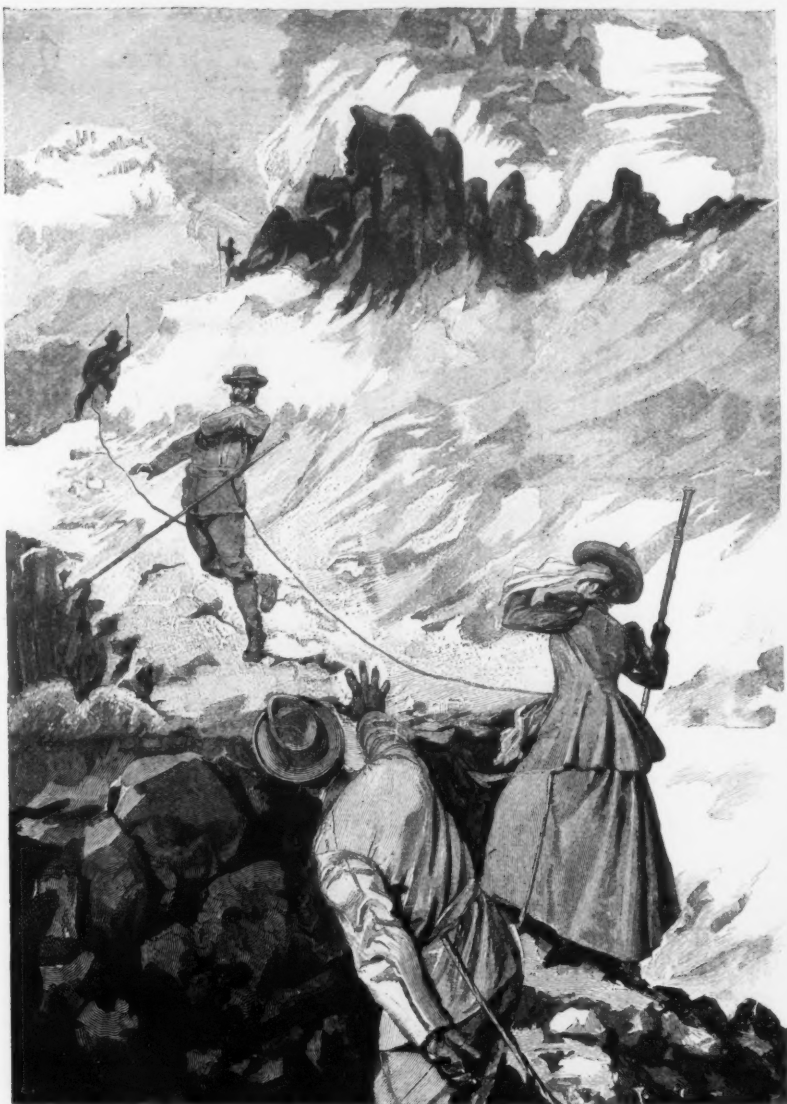
"AFTER TWENTY LASHES HE RAN AWAY LAUGHING."



A WHITE VICTIM OF THE WHIP.

THE WHIPPING-POST IN DELAWARE—SCENES AT THE AUTUMNAL WHIPPING FOR 1894, AT NEW CASTLE, SEPTEMBER 22D.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 236.]  
Copyrighted by the Arkell Weekly Company.





SUDDEN DEATH OF THE BARON DE PECCOZ, ON THE GRENZ GLACIER, MONTE ROSA, IN PRESENCE OF QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY.—*L'Illustrazione Italiana*.



BIVOUAC OF CHINESE SOLDIERS.—*Illustrated London News*.

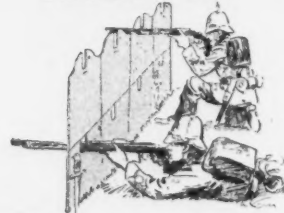


OBSEQUIES OF THE COMTE DE PARIS—ARRIVAL OF THE CORTÈGE AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CRYPT, WEYBRIDGE.—*L'Illustration*.

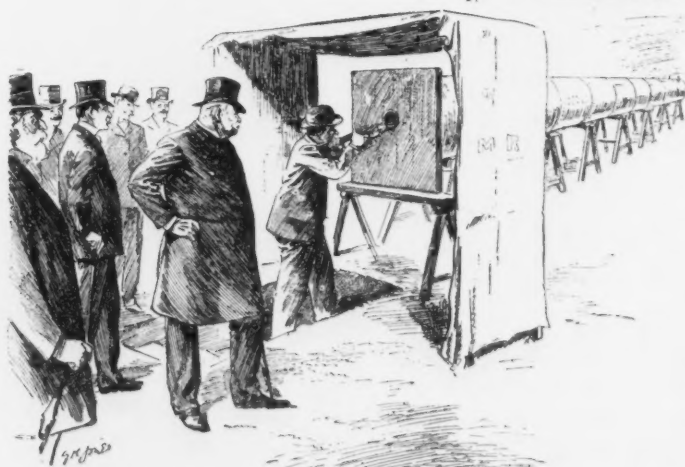


MR. WALTER WELLMAN, LEADER OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—*Pull Mall Budget*.

A combination of shields.



A DENTAL OPERATION ON AN ELEPHANT.—*L'Illustration*.



Testing one of the plates before the commander-in chief. TESTING A NEW BULLET-PROOF SHIELD AT SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND. *London Daily Graphic*.



# THE REASON.

"I NEVER talk through my hat," said the Boston maiden.

"No," said the Chicago girl. "If you tried it your words would get all tangled up in the trimmings."—*Judge*.

# THE WORST KIND.

MRS. JADDERS—"Are you afraid of lightning?"

Mrs. Tremper—"Only of the kind that my husband gets in New Jersey."—*Judge*.

# A WOMAN'S WRONG.

BLATTON—"Why are the women of to-day so heavily laden?"

Rodley—"Give it up. Why?"

Blatton—"Because they carry a leg of mutton on each arm."—*Judge*.

THERE is nothing left of the Democratic idea of free trade; but there is free speech enough on the subject to blow the shingles off the roof.—*Judge*.

A WRITER says Saratoga is the wickedest gambling place in the country. Well, now, what about the Senate of the United States?—*Judge*.

# A REPRIEVE OF TEN YEARS.

AN average business man's life can easily be lengthened ten years by the occasional use of Ripans Tablets. Do you know any one who wants those ten years?

# Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

# REDUCED RATES.

THE first-class New York and Boston fare via the Fall River Line has just been reduced from \$4 to \$3. A corresponding reduction has been made to all other Eastern points.

ALL persons afflicted with dyspepsia find relief in Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

THE autumn effects on the picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad are not surpassed, and rarely equaled, by those of any other railroad on this continent. The varied and constantly changing foliage, widely and richly distributed, affords a pleasure that cannot be described in words.

Every accommodation is afforded the traveler to take in the grandeur of this wonderfully picturesque route. Fine coaches, large windows, descriptive literature, and everything to secure comfort, are to be found on this line.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. No smoke, no dust, no cinders.

For full information and illustrated descriptive matter address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

A REPRESENTATIVE of LESLIE'S WEEKLY was shown, a few days ago, a most superbly painted miniature, done by probably the most expert American artist in that line, of Mrs. Francis J. A. Darr of this city. It was executed by Miss Mamie Elmer, daughter of Dr. Elmer, who for many years was one of our most prominent physicians.

In addition to a thorough study in this country Miss Elmer has studied abroad, and to advantage, as her miniature work is pronounced better than that of the best known European artists.

Her sister, Miss Ella Elmer, decorated the Hotel Waldorf in this city, and that beautiful work scarcely needs comment, as it has already been heralded in this country and abroad as the finest ever put on a public building.

# Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 231, Albion, Michigan.

At the exhibition of the California Fruit Growers' Association, at Chicago, the Sohmer Pianos were chosen in preference to all other makes, thus again showing the high estimation in which these popular instruments are held by the public.

# Babies

ought to be fat. They are sickly when thin and thin when their food does not nourish them.

# Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites, makes babies fat and well, strengthens growing children and nourishes mothers. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

# Cuticura SOAP

The most Effective Skin Purifying and Beautifying Soap in the World.

The Purest, Sweetest and Most Refreshing for Toilet Bath and Nursery.

Sold throughout the world, Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

# GLISTENING PEARLS

SO PURE, SO SWEET; SHE was indeed A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. Every feature was the personification of

# PERFECT HEALTH.

BREATH AS FRAGRANT AS ROSES; LIPS RUBY RED AND TEETH LIKE GLISTENING PEARLS. Ask her for THE SECRET OF HER CHARMS, and she will tell you they are due to THE DAILY USE of

# CONSTANTINE'S

# PERSIAN HEALING

# PINE TAR SOAP.

For the Toilet and the Bath, and as a purifier of the Skin, this WONDERFUL BEAUTIFIER has no parallel. Every young lady who realizes THE CHARM OF LOVELINESS, has but to patronize this POTENT AGENT to become a

# Queen Among Queens.

For Sale by Druggists.

# NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

SOLID THROUGH TRAINS Buffalo and Chicago

PALACE SUPERB BUFFET DINING SLEEPERS, CARS,

THROUGH SLEEPING CARS Between CHICAGO, NEW YORK and BOSTON,

BAGGAGE CHECKED TO DESTINATION.

Tickets to all Points East or West at Lowest Rates.

AT CHICAGO the Depot of the Nickel Plate Road is located at Twelfth St. Viaduct cor. Twelfth and Clark Sts., convenient by street car or elevated R. R. to any part of the city.

AT CLEVELAND all trains stop at Euclid Ave. and Pearl St., and at Main Passenger Station Broadway near Cross St.

AT BUFFALO trains run into Union Depot of the Erie Railway.

For rates and other information consult nearest Ticket Agent, or address

A. W. JOHNSTON, B. F. HORNER, Gen'l Sup't. Gen'l Pass. Agt., CLEVELAND, OHIO

F. J. Moore, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

# TROY IMPROVED CHLORIDE OF GOLD CURE.

Treatment at home. Cure permanent. Write for circular of testimonials. N. D. CRARY, Manager, 821-823 Kirk Building, Syracuse, N. Y. Mention this paper.



# A NEW \$900 UPRIGHT STEINWAY GRAND PIANO FREE

is offered as a premium to agents selling most CHRISTY KNIVES by Dec. 31, '94. Write for particulars. CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Fremont, Ohio, Box 25.

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Distilled and Bottled by HIRAM WALKER & SONS (Limited), Walkerville, Canada. LONDON, 69 & 70 MARK LANE, E. C. NEW YORK, 133 BROADWAY. CHICAGO, 223 & 224 MONSIEUR BLOCK.

The age and genuineness of THIS Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle. From the moment of manufacture until this certificate is affixed the Whisky never leaves the custody of the Excise Officers. No other Government in the World provides for consumers this independent and absolute guarantee of purity and ripeness. "Canadian Club" Whisky is particularly adapted for medicinal use. When not obtainable from local dealers we will gladly supply consumers direct upon application.

A 5-ounce sample, with the usual Government guarantee, will be sent prepaid, by express, to any address in the United States on receipt of 50c. in stamps.

For HEADACHE AND BRAIN FATIGUE.

# BROMO SODA

USEFUL IN Sleeplessness, Excessive Study, Over Brainwork, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Fatigue of Travel or Shopping. For sale by all leading druggists by dose or bottle.

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LARGEST LINE OF

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IN THE WORLD.

Send for Catalogue.

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BEST LINE CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS TO

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A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers, Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.

\$14 Buys our 2 drawer walnut or oak Improved High Arm Singer sewing machine. Newly finished, nickel plated, adapted to light and heavy work; guaranteed for 10 Years; with Automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threader Cylinder Shuttle, Self-Setting Needle and a complete set of Steel Attachments; shipped anywhere on 30 Day's Trial. No money required in advance. \$5,000 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded machine and attachments. Buy from factory and save dealer's and agent's profits. Cut This Out and send today for machine or large free FREE catalogue, testimonials and Glimpses of the World's Fair. OXFORD MFG. CO. 342 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

THE CELEBRATED

# SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

# S-O-H-M-E-R.

# AN Atlas OF THE Northwest

Contains complete maps of the United States, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, and Washington,

showing post-offices to June 1st, 1894, with every important geographical and topographical feature brought down to date, and printed in the highest style of the map-maker's art. Interesting descriptive, historical and statistical information appears with each map.

YOU NEED IT!

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E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager, D. B. MARTIN, Gen'l. Passenger and Ticket Agt., CINCINNATI.

# TAMAR

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# GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 83 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD HEAD PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

# BORN TIRED



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**VIN MARIANI**

**FORTIFIES**  
**NOURISHES**  
**STIMULATES**  
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**Body and Brain**

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.

Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.

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For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, in a magnificently equipped train,

Via the New York Central, The Great Four-track Trunk Line.

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Connecting the east and west, by the New York Central Lines.

Chicago is only 24 hours away; Cincinnati 22; St. Louis 30.

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**"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."**

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**BICYCLES \$15**

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166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD. ALL READY FOR USE, NO MIXING.



**The Club Cocktails**

**MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, HOLLAND CIN, TOM CIN, VERMOUTH AND YORK.**

For the Yacht,  
For the Sea Shore,  
For the Mountains,  
For the Fishing Party,  
For the Camping Party,  
For the Summer Motel,

For everywhere that a delicious Cocktail is appreciated. Try our YORK cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious. A sample 4 oz. bottle sent to any address, prepaid, for 40c.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,**  
39 Broadway, New York; Hartford, Conn.; and 20 Piccadilly, W. London, England.

**"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN**

**SAPOLIO**

**IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.**

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**FREE BOOK** Nervous and Chronic Ailments. For men only. The Hewlin Medical Co., Buffalo, New York.

**DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED**  
by my **INVISIBLE TUBULAR CATHETERS**. Have helped more to good hearing than all other devices combined. Whispers to help ears as glasses do eyes. **F. Hiseox, 558 B'way, N.Y.** Book of proofs **FREE**

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**WILL YOU** distribute Circulars and samples for us? No remuneration. Salary and expenses to travel. Send stamp. **ADVERTISING BUREAU, 447 6th Ave., NEW YORK CITY.**

**FAT FOLKS** reduced, 15 lbs. a month. Any one can make remedy. Safe and sure. Particulars 2c. "K. A." Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

**LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?**

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY**

When you can get the **Best at Cargo prices** in any quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to **Club Agents**. Good income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.**

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Offers at par and accrued interest, \$20,000 of its 7 per cent. Gold Bonds of \$1,000 each, due 1913. Total issue \$300,000. Trustee of the Mortgage, **THE FARMERS' LOAN & TRUST CO., New York**, who will deliver the Bonds on receipt of application and subscription pro rata, as near as may be. Full particulars, prospectus and forms of application can be had of **YUMA IMPROVEMENT CO., United Bank Building, 2 Wall Street, New York.** C. L. VAN DE WATER, Secretary.

**THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY**  
**J. Harper Bonnell Co., NEW YORK.**  
**CHICAGO.**

**The Little People**

**of Africa.**

THE Bible speaks of them. The oldest works on Africa tell of them, and I always longed to see them; but when I had the chance it was not so agreeable after all.

It was a clear, hot day. We were almost in the very heart of Africa. I was sent, with a small native escort, to investigate some high land twenty miles or more from camp. There was no trouble with the natives. Everything was safe enough, and on that particular day the way was especially safe, as the jungle was so free from undergrowth that we could see nearly a half-mile away at times, and always too far to be surprised by an enemy.

We had just passed a cave, into which Shiek-ali, the chief of the escort, looked suspiciously, but without finding anything to disturb him. There was not a living thing in sight. Even the birds and apes hide themselves under some shelter when the day is too hot. I was plodding along by the side of Shiek-ali, occasionally making a note of something, when suddenly the entire forest seemed to vibrate with a deep murmur. I looked quickly in every direction, but had hardly time to assure myself that there was nothing in sight when the chief caught me by the shoulder and forced me to the ground, falling on his face beside me.

Before I could ask him to explain there was a sound like pattering drops of rain, falling about us, and a short lance pierced the ground, hardly a foot from my head.

"The little people!" muttered the shiek. "Follow me quickly, sahib!" and springing to his feet he ran. I was close behind him, and the rest were not far away. I did not think much of myself for running from the little people, but under the circumstances there was nothing else to do. We ran back to the cave, and all the way that droning murmur followed us; while every moment little arrows were flying about us, though there was not a mortal in sight anywhere.

An arrow was sticking in my coat when we entered the cave. I tried to pull it out. The shaft came off easily, leaving the barb, a sharp piece of metal with a claw like a fish-hook. I was trying to get that out when Shiek-ali caught my hand, exclaiming:

"Be careful, sahib; it is poisoned!"

I began to change my mind about the little people, and to understand why we ran from them. Then the chief touched my arm and pointed up. I looked out of the cave and shuddered to discover that the trees about us were literally full of them.

Had it not been for curious little aprons which they wore, and bows and arrows which they carried, I should even then have said that they were apes. They swung themselves along from branch to branch almost as fast as they could have traveled on the ground. They were not over four feet high. Their bodies were crooked and ugly. Their arms were long and their legs were short. Their faces were simply hideous. They were all of the time grunting and repeating something, which caused the constant murmur which we heard.

They knew where we were, and were evidently preparing to besiege us, but their music and arrows had ceased as they gathered about our hiding-place.

"We must fire, sahib," said the chief, pointing to a tree near the entrance of the cave, where they seemed to be congregating, and raising his rifle.

"What will they do if they capture us?" I asked, laying my hand on his gun; for I had no desire to injure them.

"Eat," muttered the chief.

That settled it. I did not propose to be eaten, and we fired a volley into the tree.

There was a wild shriek, precisely like a pack of frightened apes. Some of them fell to the ground and the rest disappeared.

"They will be back in the morning," said Shiek-ali, "but we shall not be here."

He was quite right about it. If they did come back they did not find us, and for my part that glimpse was all I ever care to see of the little people of Africa.

H. W. F.



**ELECTRIC TELEPHONE**

Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth.

**Agents make from \$5 to \$50 per day.**

One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no toys, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by any one, never out of order, no repairing, lasts a life time. Warranted. A money maker. Write **W. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbus, O.**

**The Christmas Number**

**OF**  
**LESLIE'S WEEKLY**

**SEND FOR RATES AND INFORMATION.**

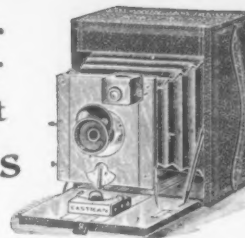
110 Fifth Avenue,  
NEW YORK.

is in preparation. Every prominent advertiser should be interested in this Special Issue. Forms will close November 15th.

**WILLIAM L. MILLER,**

Manager Advertising Dept.

**The . . . Amateur Camerist Begins Well**



**The Folding Kodak.**

If in selecting an instrument he chooses one that is not too limited in the range of work it will do; is adapted to hand or tripod use and is light and compact.

Now take the Kodak, it is not expensive but it has a good lens, uses plates or films, takes snap shot or time pictures and focuses with index or on the ground glass. New improved shutter, revolving stops, and speed regulator for shutter. Latest improvements, finest adjustments, handsome finish. Prices \$12.00 to \$20.00.

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**

Send for Catalogue, Kodaks and Kodets.

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**Hilton, Hughes & Co.,**

SUCCESSORS TO  
**A. T. STEWART & CO.**

We do not know of any place where a dollar will go so far as in our Carpet, Furniture and Upholstery Departments.

Estimates will be gladly furnished on application, and in designs of hangings, etc., and combinations of color effects you will enjoy the best endeavors of our own experts.

Prices have dropped. The Oriental Rug, beautiful Draperies and elegant artistic Furniture are no longer expensive luxuries.

It pays to buy from us. Anyhow, an inspection costs nothing.

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**Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts., NEW YORK.**

**\$50 IN PRIZES**

**FOR THE TEN MOST PERFECT SOLUTIONS OF AN**

**ORTHOGRAPHONETIC PUZZLE.**

**To Appear in November Good HOUSEKEEPING.**

**These Ten Prizes to be Presented our Readers for Services Performed.**

An easy contest, with no tricks to trap the unwary. A simple knowledge of English orthography, with a modicum of common sense, used to good advantage, will easily put every reader of this paper in a position to receive a money reward for puzzle solvers' skill, knowledge and a very little luck.

The subject will be the following statement of 100 words, the idea, as gathered from the odd yet comprehensive names of the puzzle, being to get as many English words from it as possible, both by spelling and sound. All words inside the rules to be counted.

**A New York Lady Writes:**

It was a happy thought that induced me to send two ten-cent pieces wrapped in tissue paper to Springfield, Massachusetts, for a copy of **Good Housekeeping**, that ideal high-grade magazine, which a friend declared contained a world of information and inspiration, conscientiously devoted to the interests of the Higher Life of the Household in the Homes of the World. The number was so attractive that I sent two dollars, a year's subscription, so as to be sure to get all the valuable papers on the important Food Question which **Good Housekeeping** is publishing.

The ten who get the largest lists of words out of this puzzle will be presented as a reward for their skill and labor with ten cash prizes. The details of terms and conditions of contest will be given in full in November **Good Housekeeping**.

A condition of taking part in the contest is: Each person not a subscriber must send 20 cents for a copy of November **Good Housekeeping**, containing the particulars and conditions of the contest.

**CLARK W. BRYAN CO., Publishers,**  
**SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

**BUFFALO BILL'S**  
AT AMBROSIO PARK, SOUTH BROOKLYN.  
**WILD WEST**  
Twice Daily, All Summer.





SQUELCHED.

CHAPPY—"I weally believe I will study languages, doncherknow."

Miss James—"How perfectly delightful! You will commence with English, of course?"

## An Unexpected Guest

need arouse no housewifely anxiety if

**Armour's**  
Extract of BEEF

is at hand. A cup of Bouillon can be prepared in a moment, and it always delights and refreshes.

Send for our book of "Culinary Wrinkles"—mailed free.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

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The Largest Manufacturers of  
PURE, HIGH GRADE  
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES



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SPECIAL AND HIGHEST  
AWARDS

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CALIFORNIA  
MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

Their BREAKFAST COCOA,  
Which, unlike the Dutch Process,  
is made without the use of Alkalies  
or other Chemicals or Dyes, is abso-  
lutely pure and soluble, and costs

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